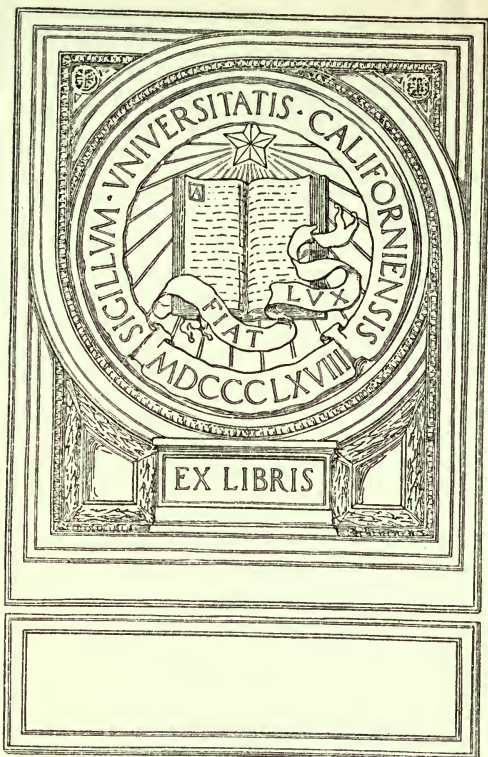


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BUDS OF SPRING.

“These volumes contain what he has left, *immature buds*, and *blossoms* shaken from the tree, and *green fruit*; yet will they evince what the harvest would have been.”

SOUTHEY'S LIFE OF H. K. WHITE.



Brown

BUDS OF SPRING:

POETICAL REMAINS

OF

AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE.

WITH

ADDENDA.

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“Vos autem hortor, ut ita virtutem locetis, sine quâ amicitia esse non potest,  
ut, eâ exceptâ, nihil amicitia præstabilius putetis.”

*Cicero, De Amicitia.*

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## PREFACE.

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FOR a succinct notice of the life and character, and of the Poetical Remains of Lyde, the reader is referred to the Introduction. But it is proper to say a few words upon the appearance of this little volume of poems. The title seemed proper to it, inasmuch as the pieces are the production of a mind which had not expanded into its maturity, and proper also to the season in which the volume has been introduced to the public. Like the buds of spring, the thoughts of our departed friend were just opening in their fresh and irregular beauty, and were beginning to shed around their pure and sweet and welcome fragrance. Lyde is known to all the members of the Episcopalian community, and to many in other denominations, as having been a young man of great promise. And it has been thought, that a memorial of him, like this now presented, would be acceptable to a large circle of

a\*

friends who knew and admired him, and to others who would regret that his name should be forgotten.

If this little volume should be dedicated to those who always manifested a most lively interest in the welfare of our friend, and exerted themselves most liberally to develop his talents and usefulness, the names of the Rt. Rev. Thomas C. Brownell, and of the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, and of the Rev. Horatio N. Potter, and of John Pintard, Esq., would be adopted among the first. But the inscription selected appeared the most suitable; and the profits from this edition, if any be realized, will be devoted to the support of the Christian Mission to China, through the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

The design of the Addenda is explained in the Note preliminary to them. If these Remains shall find favor sufficient to make another edition expedient, it may be well to substitute, instead of the Addenda, (unless a memoir of Lyde shall be prepared in another quarter, as was at one time contemplated,) extracts from his correspondence and prose writ-

ings ; so that the book may serve the purpose of a memoir of our friend, in an order somewhat similar to that in which the Literary Remains of Henry Kirke White have been arranged by his biographer.

The Editor of this volume hopes that the imperfections of his work may be overlooked in the satisfaction derived from a perusal of its contents. The volume has been prepared without a reference to the captious, for it is a sad duty to transcribe the Remains of a friend whom one has loved. These will, we believe, be read, as they have been prepared for the press, with a softened heart.

“Mollissima corda

Humano generi dare se natura fatetur;

Quæ lachrymas dedit.”

JUV. *Sat.* xv. 131 - 133.

Cambridge, Massachusetts,  
April, 1838.

“ WE bless thy holy name, Oh LORD, for all thy servants departed this life in thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of thy heavenly kingdom: grant this, Oh FATHER, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake, our only Mediator and Advocate.”

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THERE is, to the mind of the Editor, a striking analogy between the lamented Author of these Remains, and the interesting subject of Mr. Southey's care, referred to in the Preface. Lyde, as respects the promise of his brief but bright career, and the hopes of his future usefulness and eminence so sanguinely entertained by those who knew him, as respects, too, the incidents of his personal history, and the peculiar traits of his intellect, and many points in his moral character, is before the mind of the Editor, as, in a remarkable analogy, the Henry Kirke White of America, and the contemplation of him is a sad pleasure. So gifted with intellectual capacity, so refined in taste, so delicate in moral apprehensions, that few were able to understand his excellence, and withal so reserved in confidential intercourse, that few might really know him, he has glided silently away from us. And we feel as one who has tost listlessly into the sea some fair pebble picked up on the beach, and perceives too late, as it passes from his hand, the clear and white rays

of the diamond : or we feel as one who has been roused from a long trance, just when the glowing sun of a cloudless summer day has settled under the verge of the horizon, and fancies, in his first surprise, that he sees the herald light of the morning ; but the glorious hues fade sorrowfully, and the golden light becomes pale, and presently the soft stars tell him he has lost the day. Thus we feel desolate. But our brother is in heaven, and his light is on another sphere, and we may not mourn for him.

This Introduction will be devoted to a brief sketch of the life and character of Lyde, and a brief notice of his literary remains. We remember, that it was proposed some three or four years since by a gentleman well qualified for the duty, then a student in the General Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary in New York, to prepare a volume, which should include memoirs of three, who had deceased from the class which graduated in 1834 from that institution, — Lloyd Saxbury Waddell,\* George F. Cook,† and the Author of these Remains. Such a volume would be acceptable to their friends, and would, without doubt, be highly useful in our Church. The piety and Christian character of many, who, like the three above mentioned, have died in their

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\* A native of the city of New York, who died in the same city, November 17th, 1832, aged twenty-one years.

† A native of Cornish, N. H., born September 18th, 1803, who died in the city of New York, March 29th, 1834, and was buried on the Easter Sunday following.

morning service at the altar of Christ in our Church,\* have been suffered to pass away from the public remembrance, when they should have been recorded, for an example to their successors. Whether the design referred to has been prosecuted, or abandoned on account of the claims of other duties, the Editor has not been informed. It is hoped the design is prosecuted. The present volume will be no interference with the plan; and the materials for this Introduction are purposely selected from pieces already in print. By such an arrangement, besides, near friends will have, what is always especially desired by them in such cases, the several pieces which appeared at the time of our brother's demise, and which convey most concisely and exactly the impression produced by that event.

We transcribe now an obituary notice of the deceased, which appeared in "The Churchman" (published in the city of New York) of December 6th, 1834, and simultaneously in "The Episcopal Recorder" (published at Philadelphia), and which was prepared by a friend, who had long known him intimately, and was best fitted to draw up such a memorial, the Rev. Samuel Starr (as it is understood), then Rector of the Church at Camden, New Jersey.

"The Rev. Augustus Foster Lyde was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, February 4th, 1813, where in early life he

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\* To the list we add the name of Henry H. Cook, a native of Claremont, N. H., and a member of the Middle Class in the General Seminary, who died, in the city of New York, on the 28th of January in the current year.

was piously educated, under the pastoral and academical charge of the Rev. Dr. Empie.

“From very infancy he manifested a strong and abiding sense of religious obligation, and was peculiarly fond of his Bible. As illustrative of this, when at the age of six years he was learning the beginning of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel, which had been assigned him as a Sunday School lesson, he declared that the chapter was too good to be broken, and would not leave it till the whole was committed to memory.

“At the early age of fourteen he was admitted a member of the Sophomore class in Washington College, Connecticut, where he was remarked alike by officers and students to be an uncommonly interesting and promising *boy*. He applied himself devotedly to every collegiate duty, and that, as was apparent to all, from principle, from love of study, and from a desire of improvement, rather than from any gratification of a selfish ambition. He graduated in 1830, when but seventeen years of age, at the head of his class, and without any competitor for its highest honors.

“Though his mind was at this period firmly bent upon the Gospel ministry, he was advised, on account of his youth, and for the purpose of studying Hebrew, and disciplining his mind by an extended acquaintance with the sciences, to delay for a year the commencement of his theological course. He accordingly entered the General Seminary in 1831, and his instructors and fellow-students will all bear testimony to his proficiency, and to what may have been a too close devotion to his studies.

“But, though assiduously laboring to cultivate his mind, and to store it with sound learning, he was most devotedly bent upon the more important discipline of his heart. He was conscientiously jealous of whatever might tend to bind it to earth. He felt that there was no middle ground for a disci-

ple of the LORD JESUS to stand on; and especially did he feel, that a Christian minister's life and his whole strength should be unreservedly sacrificed on the altar of his GOD. With such views and feelings, he was naturally led to inquire, and that with deep reflection and fervent prayer, *how* the cause of CHRIST and his Church could be most effectually promoted. The inquiry exercised his mind most deeply the last year of his theological course.\* 'The field,' he

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\* As it may be interesting to know the agency, which, under GOD, was most efficient in leading our brother's mind to this inquiry, we insert the following article, which appeared in "The Churchman" of the last of May, 1835.

"ORIGIN OF THE CHINA MISSION.

"A little less than four years ago, there connected himself with our General Theological Seminary, one who was then as much distinguished by peculiar traits of character, as he afterwards was by the manner in which those traits were hallowed by the influence of divine grace. Not that he was at that period devoid of those views of himself, sin, and GOD, which are essential to a Christian: no! far different was the fact. He knew full well that he was a sinner, that he could do nothing good of himself, that the wrath of GOD hangs over the children of disobedience, and that for him, as for all others, there was but one name through which he might be saved, the name of CHRIST. But the providence of GOD rendered these views clearer shortly after he joined the band of aspirants to the sacred office. One of the most powerful instruments in effecting this end was the Missionary Association of the Institution, to which it was his privilege to belong. Did time permit, it would be a pleasing duty to stop here and show how the cause of missions and personal piety necessarily aid each other; but such an argument would carry us too far from our present object, and is, besides, in a great measure unnecessary, since those who peruse this brief sketch will very generally admit the truth of the position.

"The young man, whose story we are relating, was not long in perceiving how much he was indebted to the humble yet effective Missionary Association of the Seminary, and therefore spared no exertions in promoting the great objects which it has in view. While thus

argued, 'is the world.' This whole field, through human instrumentality, is to be cultivated for the final harvest of the LORD. The blessed time of the glorious in-gathering

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engaged, he became deeply impressed with the wants of the heathen in foreign lands. Many and earnest were the contests in his bosom between inclination and a somewhat obscure sense of duty. Each day brought to him new struggles and increased dependence on GOD; for he knew that he was agitating a question to which GOD alone could furnish him a sufficient answer. He prayed. Yes, even when his watchful brethren around him had closed their eyes in sleep, he sent his glowing prayers to heaven for light. Were those prayers answered? Who could doubt, that supplications, whose every word was winged with earnestness, and whose every petition was interwoven with faith, were heard? Yes, they *were* heard. All doubts were removed. Where but lately he saw only dark clouds, by the clear lights of reason and conscience he now descried the index of duty: it pointed but one way; into that way he prepared to enter. He pledged himself to convey those glad tidings to China, which his Saviour brought to earth, and thus, without intending it, connected his own history with that of the noblest undertaking of our Church.

"His example had its appropriate effect; for when was there such an example without its influence? A class-mate stepped forward to aid him in his noble work; and with him received holy orders, only to plant the standard of the Cross within the walls of civilized yet heathen China. Would that it were consistent with our purpose to turn aside, and describe minutely the meeting, at which these brethren parted with the Missionary Association from which they received their first missionary breath. Then might we tell of the mixed feelings with which the future ministers of our Church looked and listened to the two, (Messrs. Lyde and Lockwood), who were soon probably to give themselves to a foreign land. Exultation was the first emotion experienced, because there rose full in view the good which was to be done, by their zeal and devotion, to the Seminary in which they were educated, to the Church of CHRIST, and, though last not least, to the perishing souls of men. But how changed were the feelings when he, who had been the instrument of Providence in beginning the enterprise, rose to bid his brethren adieu! To some, even then, the hand of death seemed laid upon his pallid cheek, and all could not

will be advanced by the zeal, or retarded by the sluggish inaction, of the Church. He believed, that there exist in her bosom energies that have never yet been called into

but feel that such *might* be the case, who saw him choking with emotion, and, amid a flood of tears, scarce articulating, 'Pray for me, brethren; pray that my health may be restored; GOD is my witness, I ask it not for myself,—I ask it for China.' We will not stop to describe the gush of feeling which ensued. Suffice it to say, that many a manly countenance was turned away to hide the glistening signs of sympathy and affection.

"A few short months ensued, and AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE was numbered among the dead. Sorrow for our loss was our primary emotion; apprehension for our missionary cause, the result of our first reflection. Soon, however, we recollected, that GOD is often most kind when he seems most to frown. We therefore took fresh courage and patiently awaited the day when the affliction, which the Church had experienced in the removal of our brother, would bring out others to imitate his example, and devote their lives to extend the Gospel to 360,000,000 of immortal souls. The time has come.

"Where was the commencement of this magnificent and now promising undertaking? The previous detail answers the question,—in the Missionary Association of the General Seminary of our Church; for that communicated its spirit to *Lyde*; he solicited the adoption of the station by our Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, and that step, with his own example, called forth all who are now going to the field. C. R."

Let a word of admonition be received by those who are now students in the General Seminary, from one who is thankful he was once a member of their Missionary Society,—that this Association be sustained vigorously, as among their most effective means of grace, and a powerful promoter of their Missionary spirit.

For the information of persons unacquainted with the present state of the American Protestant Episcopal Mission to China, it is proper to state, that in June, 1835, the Rev. Henry Lockwood, a graduate from the General Seminary in the city of New York, and the Rev. F. R. Hanson, a graduate from the Episcopal Seminary in Alexandria, District of Columbia, sailed from the port of New York, for China; and in July, 1837, the Rev. W. J. Boone, M. D., and his lady, sailed from Boston, for the same station. At present they all reside in Batavia.—EDITOR.

vigorous action, and that the most effectual mode of arousing them is, to send from her own fold the heralds of salvation, not only for the purpose of immediately illuminating the dark places of the earth, but also for learning, and for sending back from its different parts, such stories of the spiritual darkness and death in which it is shrouded, as, under God, should be the means of enlisting Christian sympathy, and eliciting Christian effort for the great work of evangelizing the world. Such, in a word, was his decided view of the value of foreign missions to the Church. He desired their establishment and prosperity, for he considered them as important to the perfection of the grand system of bringing all people and nations of the earth into one fold under the one Great Shepherd. Yet he never set up his own opinion as the infallible guide of others. His views were too elevated, and his knowledge of human character too true, to suppose, that even with equally intelligent and honest minds the same premises necessarily result in the same conclusions; much less did he ever claim, that the possession of different sentiments on the subject of missions should be taken on either side of the question as a test of zeal or indifference for the cause of CHRIST.

“Such being Mr. Lyde’s settled conviction in reference to the missionary enterprise, he was led to ask, *how* the work should be advanced. The result was, that, when the Church from the authorized source should send forth the inquiry, ‘Whom shall we send?’ his voice should be heard in the response, ‘Here am *I*; send *me*.’ He accordingly wrote, last winter, to the lamented Dr. Montgomery, asking whether there was any probability that the Executive Committee of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society would recommend the establishment of a mission in Asia. In reference to the foreign mission previously established in Africa, he expressed a belief, that there were those in the Church who would hazard their lives in the burning heat of the African soil,



if it were demanded by the cause of the Redeemer; but that he thought the objects of foreign missions could be better effected at present upon other heathen ground. With his characteristic modesty he requested that his own name should in no way be connected with the inquiry. It is believed that the letter was shown but once, and then upon a known intimacy with its author. Dr. Montgomery, as may be supposed by all who knew him, was enthusiastic in his encomiums upon the character and spirit of the letter; but was too soon after prostrated upon his dying bed, ever to give it a reply.

“In the spring, Mr. Lyde was afflicted with a cold and a slight bilious attack, which to an extent reduced his strength, and seemed to render it necessary for him to suspend his studies for a while, and absent himself from the Seminary. On his way to Philadelphia he joined the company of a clergyman and a layman, with whose persons, and with whose active interest and efficiency in all important matters of the Church, he was well acquainted. As the special object of their visit to Philadelphia was to attend the meeting of the Board of Directors of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, his favorite theme was presented to their attention, and his own views and feelings most fully expressed. Through their instrumentality in bringing forward and advocating the question, the Board established the China mission, with instructions to the Executive Committee to carry the object into effect so soon as the men and means could be provided. Mr. Lyde afterward remarked, in conversation on the subject, that it had required a great sacrifice of natural feeling for him to decide upon leaving the society of friends and the attractions of country for a home in a strange and distant land, but that his mind was decided upon the course, and that it would require another great sacrifice of feeling, should he be disappointed in his hopes.

“But his hopes have been disappointed, though in a manner which he then but little anticipated. Notwithstanding

he carefully pursued the course advised by his physician for the restoration of his health, it remained to all appearance stationary till the time of his graduation, the last week in June. He graduated with his class, and the following Sunday was ordained by Bishop Brownell, in St. Thomas's Church, New York, in company with several of his classmates. The remainder of the summer was spent in New England, where he was advised to make a voyage to the West Indies, encouraged that he might return with renovated strength in the spring. On reaching New York, the last of September, his case was more closely examined: and, at his request to be honestly dealt with, his physician gave his opinion that his lungs were diseased beyond hope of recovery; and that, for the sake of a more congenial climate, he had better leave for Philadelphia, than put himself entirely beyond the reach of his friends. He sustained the stroke like a Christian philosopher,\* repeated the opinion that had been given of his condition, on arriving at Philadelphia, without the least apparent emotion, and expressed

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\* Lest this expression should be misunderstood by any, it is proper to state, that, at the time when a consultation of physicians was held upon his case, Lyde was expecting their decision in another room. The physician, who regularly attended him, and to whom he was much attached, was appointed to communicate with him. As he entered the room, and for a moment was silent, Lyde said to him, with great decision, "Doctor, tell me plainly the exact truth; I am prepared for any result." So soon as his physician had informed him of the result of the consultation, Lyde burst into tears, and for a few minutes paced the room in strong emotion, and then exclaimed, "Can it be so? Shall I never be allowed to preach the Gospel in China? Yet I am not worthy of such a service! But I will labor for her sake while I live." The scene was most affecting and solemnizing. And he did labor for China after this; and his influence upon his brethren in the Seminary was not without effect, as one of the Missionaries now in China will testify. — EDITOR.

his happiness that he had been apprized of the prospect before him, that he might be led the more earnestly to seek the grace necessary for his departure. He however asked further medical advice; and, as, at his request, the worst was told him, he remained unmoved as before. Leaving his physician, he began to devise such arrangements as were necessary to enable him to spend as comfortably as possible the remnant of his days, and to die. His disease remained nearly stationary for four or five weeks, which induced the belief of his friends, that he might survive the winter. But nine days before his death he attended church, and was on horseback the following Tuesday. He began to fail more rapidly after this, and left his room for the last time on Sunday. He was confined to his bed but one day, and expired at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 19th instant.

“Owing to a natural reservedness in the expression of his feelings, and to a settled aversion to every thing like noisy cant in matters of religion, Mr. Lyde said little, quite too little, to his visiting friends, about dying, and about his prospects for eternity. Occasionally, however, he spoke of both, to the near friends that were with him, with calmness, and indeed with delight. He said, that it seemed for him far better to die this winter than to live longer; that, if he entered upon his professional duties, an awful responsibility would attend him through life; that souls might be lost through his lack of faithfulness; that, if his Heavenly Father willed, he should be resigned to stay on earth, but that he preferred going to do his Master's work in another and a better world. The day before his death he said, that, in the early part of his sickness, his views had not been so clear, nor his peace so perfect, as he desired; ‘but,’ he proceeded, his eye enlivened with an unearthly brightness, ‘my prospect has become perfectly glorious: the great secret of happy dying is a simple reliance on the strength of CHRIST; it is

sweet to die in full assurance of reposing in the bosom of my Saviour.' He became so elated with his theme as to forget his weakness, till checked and requested to be silent. At evening he asked Dr. Delancey to administer the communion to him the following day. But it proved too late. The Doctor reached his dwelling just after he expired. His last hours were peaceful and happy, and attended with but little bodily suffering.\* When past speaking, he would rivet his piercing eye upon those weeping by his bedside, and with smiles of heavenly joy seemed to rebuke their weakness for lamenting his departure. He sunk down without a struggle or a gasp, and found an apparently easy passage through 'the valley of the shadow of death.' His body is laid in St. Peter's Churchyard,† there to repose till aroused from its long slumber by the archangel's trump on the morning of the resurrection. His spirit, though never privileged to exercise its powers in the ministrations of God's sanctuary on earth, has been called away — (may we not add?) for the express purpose of an employment in the ser-

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\* I am allowed to transcribe from a letter written at the time of Lyde's decease, the following passage: "Before he retired for the night (Tuesday night), his aunt said to him, that, as he was unable to read his Bible (which was his constant study), she would read to him; and she inquired, if there were any particular chapters which he wished to hear. He named the fortieth of Isaiah. When she had concluded it, he remarked, that he wished to meditate a little upon it; and after a time he requested her to read the forty-third chapter of the same book." — EDITOR.

† From the letter quoted in a former note, we subjoin another brief extract. "On Friday afternoon his funeral took place. He was carried into St. Peter's Church. Bishop White, Dr. Abercrombie, and thirteen other clergymen attended. Bishop Onderdonk read the funeral service. The Church was crowded, — the hymn commencing 'Vital spark of heavenly flame' was sung, — the music was very solemn." — EDITOR.

vices of that better temple, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

“An event, however, like this, is a mystery too deep to be fathomed by the plummet of human reason. It is an event which the friends of our departed brother and the friends of the Church must of necessity mourn, though one which cannot fail to bend a submissive heart most humbly to the will of GOD. The sun of his earthly existence rose with amazing rapidity and brightness, but it has suddenly sunk into the midnight of the grave. No unsanctified reasoning can solve the question, why a young man, with faculties so naturally powerful and so matured, should be taken from the world when just prepared to enter it with honor and pre-eminent usefulness. But there is to be found *in faith* a philosophy, which, if truly possessed, will hush at once every secret murmuring, and will readily reconcile the event to our minds, by a living dependence upon the wisdom and the goodness of the providence of GOD.”

In “The Missionary” (published at Burlington) of November 29th, a week before the article just quoted appeared, there was a short but very interesting notice of the author of these Remains, which it will be well to preserve. It is here quoted entire.

“The Rev. AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE, deacon, who departed this life on the 19th instant in the city of Philadelphia, was a young man of no ordinary promise; and his decease, at the moment when he seemed just fitted for usefulness in the cause of CHRIST and of souls, to which he had given himself up, enforces fearfully the sentence of Holy Scripture, ‘Be still, and know that I am GOD!’ Mr. Lyde was a graduate of Washington College, where it was the privilege of the present writer to watch the first opening of his clear, vigorous, and manly intellect. He had not quite completed the three

years' term of study at the General Theological Seminary, where the expectations formed of him at Washington College were more than realized, when the seeds of the insidious disease which caused his death were first detected. He was able to be present with the members of his class, who were admitted by the Bishop of New York to the holy order of deacons, and to take upon himself the responsibilities of that sacred office, but not to discharge any of its functions. The progress of his disease was singularly rapid, and in less than five months after his ordination he was taken to his rest. There is little reason to doubt, that intense devotion to study was the proximate cause of Mr. Lyde's disease. But there remains to those who knew and loved him the precious consolation, that the zeal to which he fell a martyr was not the unhallowed thirst for secular knowledge merely, or for temporal distinction, but the zeal of GOD'S house. During his connexion with the General Theological Seminary, after much searching of heart, many prayers, and careful consultation of those who were over him in the LORD, Mr. Lyde determined to devote himself, if GOD would accept the offering, to a mission in China. And it is an interesting evidence of that generous self-dedication which had become, through grace, his characteristic trait, that his determination was made, not in expectation of valuable services to be rendered by him, in the prosecution of so great a work, but of calling to it the attention of others better able to grapple with its tremendous difficulties. It did not please GOD to grant him the desire of his heart. Yet it is just to say, and will be an interesting reminiscence of his brief career, that, by his resolution to undertake the Chinese Mission, the attention of the Protestant Episcopal Church was first strongly turned to that subject, and the impulse, under GOD, derived from him, which has led to the establishment, by the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society, of a Mission to China. From an early period

of his malady, contrary to the customary habit of consumptive patients, he anticipated an early and a fatal issue ; but, strong in the grace which is in CHRIST JESUS, he looked upon death with calmness, confidence, and cheerfulness. When the present writer, a fortnight before his death, reminded him, at parting, that, whatever the result might be, it would be ordered, if his faith was firm, in infinite mercy, — ‘and by Him,’ he added, with a smile, ‘*who doeth all things well.*’ ”

The last exertion to write, which was made by the subject of these notices, was in behalf of China, and for the good of the brethren he had left behind him in the Seminary. The letter, addressed by him to the members of the Missionary Society with which he had been connected, is filled with feeling, and breathes a spirit of the most complete self-dedication to his God and Saviour, and most earnest love for his fellow-men. It shall be recorded presently. We now ask attention to the following communication, published in the same number of “The Churchman” which contained the former of the foregoing obituary notices.

“On the receipt of the intelligence of the death of the Rev. Augustus F. Lyde at the Seminary, a meeting of the students was called in the Chapel, November 21st, at which the letter announcing his death was read. The following resolutions, expressive of the sense of the students on the event, were adopted ; and a committee was appointed to prepare a brief biography of our late brother for publication in the periodicals of the Church, together with the adopted resolutions, and a letter received a few weeks since from Mr. Lyde, addressed to the Missionary Society of the Seminary, his last effort in behalf of the cause to which he was pledged, — the cause of Missions.

“From the first part of their duty the committee thus appointed are relieved by the full and satisfactory biography which appears in ‘The Churchman’ of this week, furnished by an intimate and confidential friend of Mr. Lyde, and who was therefore better qualified than any other for the office of his biographer. The missionary letter alluded to will appear in ‘The Churchman’ of next week. The following are the resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

“*Resolved*, That the decease of our late brother, the Rev. AUGUSTUS F. LYDE, is received by us with emotions of unaffected sorrow; and of thankfulness to the GOD of all grace, that we can sorrow as those who have hope.

“*Resolved*, That we regard this dispensation of the Divine Providence as solemnly admonishing us to be watchful and diligent; that, whenever our Master may summon us hence, we may be ready and waiting.

“*Resolved*, That, while we bow with humility to the will of GOD in this event, we cannot but entertain a deep sense of the loss sustained by the friends of our deceased brother; by the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and peculiarly by the Missionary cause, to which he was pledged.

“*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to present to the family of our deceased brother a copy of the above resolutions, with the assurance of our heartfelt condolence.

“W. F. WALKER, *Chairman.*”

The letter, to which allusion has been made, is a precious document to the friends of our departed brother; but it is valuable to all, and is especially worthy of consideration by those who have entered, or are purposing to enter, upon the duties and responsibilities of the Christian ministry; for every minister is a missionary, and should seek to be certain that he



occupies his proper place in the labor of his master's harvest. It follows, as printed in "The Churchman" of December 13th, 1834.

"Philadelphia, October, 1834.

"Brethren of the Missionary Society,

"It matters little to me that my personal connexion with the Association has been dissolved; that I no longer appear in your midst when you meet in pursuance of your glorious objects. I am, and ever will be to the end of life, a member of the Missionary Association in heart.

"It is well known to all or most of you, that I had determined, by the help of GOD, to preach the Gospel to the heathen in China; but GOD in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to dispose it otherwise, and has removed the probability of my preaching the Gospel to Christian or heathen. I do not address you then in levity or inconsiderateness, but in the calm expectation of death. The point on which I stand is a deeply solemn one; may we mutually realize it. Standing on this elevated point, and making a retrospect of my short life, I bend my eye along the causes which have contributed to create and modify my moral and religious character. Leaving the first operations of GOD'S SPIRIT, I wander along a dark and weary way, cheered by but few Christian hopes and attainments, until my eye rests upon an elevation imposing and bright. It is beautiful with 'the feet of them that bring good tidings, that bring good tidings of good;' it is radiant with the same glorious light, that first broke in upon my mind and scattered away its accumulated ignorance and sorrow.

"'Mighty through GOD!' I involuntarily exclaim, and, in view of eternity, hail the Missionary Association, as under GOD, and his appointed means of grace, the mightiest cause that he has brought to bear upon the salvation of my soul.

“You will immediately infer from what I have said, that I consider it your *duty* and privilege, and I hope you will consider it in the same light precisely, to perform most punctually all the duties required. It is only by such a uniform course of conduct, that the prosperity of a society is preserved, and its advantages fully secured.

“But it is not at the general meetings of the Society, nor yet the meetings of your committees (which should be made as conversational as possible), that the Missionary spirit is to be acquired. Alas! alas! how many there are, who mistake the interest felt in the pursuit of what is novel and strange, or the sympathy excited by human suffering, or the glow occasioned by the view of a great moral enterprise, for a deep and fervent love for the souls of perishing men! Often, too, the ardor, excited by some powerful and moving appeal in behalf of this great cause, is nothing more than a natural sympathetic emotion, instead of the powerful movings of God’s HOLY SPIRIT.

“O no, my dear Christian brethren; it is only in the holy, quiet retirement of your closet, that this pure spirit is to be sought and found. Prayer, — earnest, constant prayer, (in the deeply expressive language of Paul) the ‘groanings which cannot be uttered,’ will bring down the blessing we seek like the morning dew and the early rain. The other means are powerful in their place; but here we win the blessing of God, as it were, immediately.

“But, my Christian brethren, these are but the preparatory steps to a higher and nobler course of duty. An ardent love for the souls of men is holy and acceptable in itself: but Christian virtue, most unlike the cold theories of man, has within itself the elements of vigorous resolve and action; they are component parts of its existence. Has not then each one of you present a *personal duty* beyond all this, in reference to

the great Missionary cause? Is there not treasured up, in the futurity of appointed duty, some further resolve and action of yet unconceived moment? Let us assume the remotest possibility that can be taken into the estimate, that it is the duty of but one out of your whole number to preach the gospel to the heathen. Suppose, that it were communicated to you while together, that there was an unfailing certainty that one among you should leave home and country for CHRIST's sake and the Gospel's. How would the message be received? Every Christian heart, (and such are all, I trust,) would at once respond to the possibility, and ask, 'Lord, is it I?' nor would he cease to pray, and read, and meditate, until he could speak out from the darkness of uncertainty, 'Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.' But in the name and presence of Almighty God, in view of our destiny for eternity, as we expect to stand before the judgment-seat of CHRIST, does any one believe, that the Saviour, the LORD of missions and salvation, requires but one missionary from your whole number? Does any one believe, that the whole heathen world, with its hundreds of millions, claims but one Missionary from the Protestant Episcopal Church? Do not disguise the fact. You know, that, if they go not from our seminaries, they will never go; these are the only probable sources of supply.

"In reply to the above questions, in the confidence of truth, I answer, No. To every one, then, I would say, 'It may, or it may not, be your duty to go abroad. If it is not, you should be prepared to go wherever your Divine Master may be pleased to send you. If it should be your duty, (I tremble at the possibilities of the case,) under what awful responsibilities do you lie! You stand in the relation of one, who turns away from the path that GOD points out to him, and chooses one for himself.' There is no one present but would revolt at such a thought.

"Let me in conclusion add a few more particular remarks.

There is very great danger of erring in the decision, by drawing up a long list of qualifications on the authority perhaps of some writer, and excusing ourselves thus on several grounds entirely insufficient. There are necessary qualifications; but we should pray much before we excuse ourselves for any single reason.

“Again. It is clear that no man can say, previous to an investigation, that it is out of the question that he should go. Of course I here except domestic necessities. But there are many to whom the thought is so entirely new and almost chimerical, that they dismiss it without a thought. Refined education, or talent, or expectations, stand for ever between them and faithfulness to their souls.

“Farewell, my dear Christian brethren! I feel like one who sees his brothers on the brink of a precipice, where he himself found out dangers at which the heart may tremble. But ‘let not your heart be troubled.’ I have all along presupposed that the HOLY SPIRIT would be afforded abundantly, and in the use of God’s appointed means, in his appointed way. You cannot, as surely as GOD is true, you cannot fail of his approbation.

“Once more, farewell! and that the GOD of all mercy may guide you all in your investigations, is the earnest prayer of

“Your fellow-member and brother in CHRIST,

“A. F. LYDE.”

It is unnecessary to add any words in approbation of this epistle. It speaks for itself most eloquently. Nor is it necessary to enlarge upon the personal character of its writer. And we would not trespass upon the office of a biographer. It seems, however, while we are collecting here the chief documents which relate to our brother, to be right, as well as agreeable to his friends, to annex in this place a few poetical pieces produced soon after his decease.

## " LINES \*

" OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE REV. AUGUSTUS F. LYDE.

" WHY now so sad the halls, where late were heard  
 His admonitions to proclaim the word  
 To heathen nations, to a drowsy world?  
 Why now are pitying eyes with tears imperled?  
 And why does each, with anxious, heaving breast,  
 Emotions tell, by language unexpressed?  
 Lyde is no more! — The star, which was to beam  
 Through China's mists, and break the sluggish dream  
 Of Pagan hopes, no longer yields its light; —  
 Lyde is no more! — o'er China still is night.  
 Weep ye, who late were by his counsels led;  
 Ye, who the cause for which your Saviour bled  
 Loved more because he loved it, o'er the bier  
 Of holy friendship drop the hallowed tear.  
 Weep, heaven-devoted, dedicated band,  
 Who know no other charm nor potent wand,  
 Than Christian fellowship in hopes and fears;  
 Your loved companion now no longer rears  
 The sacred standard high for distant climes; —  
 Lyde is no more! — so speak his muffled chimes.

" Weep thou, for whom the richest robe of white,  
 The shining mantle of pure Gospel light,  
 The SON OF GOD provided, honored bride,  
 The Saviour's glory and the Saviour's pride,  
 Yes, Church of GOD, thy tears should freely flow,  
 Another soldier of the Cross lies low;  
 Another min'ster from thy altar riven,  
 Has quit thy service to be heir in heaven; —

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\* From "The Churchman" of December 6th, 1834.

Mourn for thyself, and for thy children mourn!  
 The graces for thee gathered, upward borne,  
 No more are used for thee, but for thy son  
 Secure an access to Messiah's throne;—  
 Mourn for thyself,—thy champion is no more!  
 He, who thy glory in his wishes bore,  
 Has left the world's cold scorn and chilling frown,  
 To wear in heaven a celestial crown.

“But more, much more shouldst thou, O China, sun  
 Of heathen systems, mourn! else had he won  
 For thee of Christian life and Christian hope the prize,  
 The blessed Gospel, passport to the skies;  
 His manly voice no more for thee employs  
 Its deepest strains to gain eternal joys:  
 For thy fond children, sharers of the soil  
 Which cost the Saviour's trouble and his toil,  
 The Saviour's passion and the Saviour's breath,  
 He pleaded while in life, he pleads in death!

C. R. A.”

“LINES \*

“UPON THE DEATH OF THE REV. A. F. LYDE.

“Tis done;—the weary struggle's past,—  
 The trembling and the dread;—  
 The darksome vale is left at last,  
 And thou art with the dead!  
 ‘Beauty for ashes,’ and the light  
 Of heavenly day for sorrow's night;  
 For sunken eye and trembling limb,  
 The spirit-shape of Cherubim;  
 And, for earth's tainted joys, divine  
 And ceaseless ecstasies are thine!

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\* From “The Churchman” of December 13th, 1834.

“We would not mourn thy parting hence,  
But hail thy happy flight  
From the low trammellings of sense,  
And sin’s debasing might:  
We would not, but that o’er the world  
The clouds of death brood all unfurled,  
And souls are hurrying wave on wave,  
And breaking on life’s shore, the grave;  
And when to this sad scene we turn,  
’T is not for thee, but *them*, we mourn!

“For thy touched spirit was on fire  
With an heroic zeal;  
God’s glory was thy soul’s desire,  
And man’s immortal weal;  
Thy loins were girt, thy staff in hand,  
And in thy heart thy Lord’s command,  
And thou wert burning to depart,  
And light and life and joy impart;  
To open in the waste a spring,  
And make dark China’s deserts sing!

“Yes,— now I see thee in our midst,  
As our grieved bosoms swell,  
Shivering with feeling as thou bidd’st  
Thy brethren all farewell!  
Again I hear that solemn tone,  
Which told the struggles thou hadst known;—  
‘Quench not the SPIRIT!’ was the word,  
Which, ’mid thy gushing tears, we heard,  
Marking, in thy then fervent breath,  
The hollowness of coming death! \*

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\* An allusion to the incidents of the last meeting of the Missionary Society of the General Theological Seminary, of which he was the Presi-

“Mysterious God! whose anger hath  
 Issues of joy and good;  
 Who scatterest blessings in thy wrath,  
 And frown’st beatitude;  
 Whose whirlwinds and whose lightnings bring  
 A blessing on their fearful wing;  
 Make us to feel, in this the hour  
 Of sorrow’s wild and tempting power,  
 How poor the thoughts of erring dust,  
 And that thy judgments all are just!

“Now joy to thee, thou ransomed one!  
 For thou hast gone on high;  
 The crown of glory thou hast won,  
 And wed felicity!  
 The Saviour, who hath led thee here,  
 Through earth’s dark wilderness and drear,  
 Shall guide thee, with a friendly hand,  
 Through all that green and better land,  
 Th’ unvisioned Paradise above,  
 Where thought is bliss, and life is love!

B.

“*General Theological Seminary, N. Y.,  
 November 22, 1834.*”

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dent. At that time he told us of his hopes and fears; of his hopes, that he might yet be enabled to proceed to China as a missionary, and thus fulfil the warmest wishes of his heart; — of his fears, that the hand of death was already upon him. After a striking description of the struggle through which he had passed in coming to the determination to go abroad, and expressing the conviction that he had resisted the strivings of the SPIRIT OF GOD urging him to the work, he concluded with the impressive admonition, not soon to be forgotten by those who heard him, “Quench not the SPIRIT!”



## "SONNET

"SUGGESTED BY THE EPITAPH OF THE LAMENTED LYDE.\*

"HERE sleeps a herald of the Cross, whose voice  
 In hallowed fanes was never lifted up,  
 Whose hands ne'er blessed the sacramental cup,  
 Nor brake the bread, the faithful to rejoice;  
 And yet he panted with a holy zeal  
 To cross the storm-white wave, and fearless show,  
 To countless worshippers of fabled Fo,  
 That fount, whose waters all pollutions heal.  
 With living faith, and apostolic love,  
 The youthful warrior had prepared to roam,  
 When the sad mandate issued from above,  
 To stay his steps, and call him to his home;  
 Mourner, weep not! 'our Father's will be done!'  
 He hath some other work to give his son.

B. D. W."

Upon a plain marble slab, enclosed in the church-yard of St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, may be read this faithful and touching inscription, prepared by Bishop Doane of New Jersey :

"Sacred to the Memory  
 of

The Reverend AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE,  
 A Deacon

Of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States;  
 Who was born in Wilmington, North Carolina,  
 February 4th, 1813;  
 And died in the City of Philadelphia,  
 November 19th, 1834.

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\* It was presented by the writer to a friend of the deceased. Whether it has been ever published, the Editor is not informed.

It was in his Heart  
 To preach the Gospel to the Chinese ;  
 And for this Service  
 He had offered himself to GOD, and the Church.  
 But it pleased his Heavenly Father  
 To call him early home,  
 And he died,  
 At 21,  
 Patient, cheerful, victorious,  
 Through the faith  
 Of the LORD JESUS CHRIST."

We will extend this introduction by a few observations upon the literary Remains of Lyde. As the plan of the Editor of these Remains has nothing to do with the preparation of a memoir of our brother, no effort has been made to collect his correspondence. We may suppose, from his general character, that such a collection, exhibiting the more secret operations of his mind and heart, in familiar epistolary communications, must be peculiarly interesting. In selecting the materials for the present volume, the Editor has had occasion to revise a number of more formal compositions, such as themes written in College, and disquisitions upon various subjects, besides essays written during the course of his theological studies, and addresses upon different occasions, also fragments of compositions, and single thoughts preserved on loose papers. All these pieces exhibit a sound judgment, a habit of patient reflection, a luxuriant and almost uncontrollable imagination. Some of his later pieces are very elaborate. And the comparison of them, as written at different periods, while

all have the same characteristics, evinces the result of constant study and habitual discipline, — a rapid improvement, enlargement of comprehensiveness, cultivation of taste. The various prose productions, which have been furnished to the notice of the Editor, show that the elements of his mind were well distributed, and were of a superior class.

But the literary Remains, which it becomes the Editor to speak of with more particularity, are Poetical, — what are submitted in the present little volume. The most remarkable characteristic in our brother's mind was *depth of sentiment*. This principle of *sentiment* impressed its influence upon all his mental acts, and gave a peculiarity to even his manners in social life. Gifted with quick perceptions, a discriminating judge of the character of actions and persons, he was moved by the tenderest pity, or the most yearning love, or the most generous enthusiasm, and he was capable of the keenest satire. Owing to this, he was uncommunicative with strangers, but free to converse where he felt sympathy; he disliked and shunned disputation, and gave his opinions sententiously. His poems are full of pure and captivating sentiment, while they are devoid of its opposite, — sentimentalism. The piece entitled "Home of my Childhood," and the poem entitled "Humility," and that entitled "The Death of Moses," are affecting and beautiful illustrations of this remark.

We must observe, that this collection of pieces is not brought forward to compete with the matured and finished productions of professional and educated

poets. And yet these pieces have high intrinsic merit. They are irregular many times in their measure. They need the "limæ labor et mora," which their Author was never suffered to bestow. They are published as he left them, with all their imperfections. Yet they are filled with "the soul of poetry," and, in many places, their construction is very perfect. We cannot but think, (although it is possible our personal partialities for the Author may blind our judgment,) that these pieces of Lyde will occupy no mean position on the scale of American poetry. They are as yet, in some respects, *unique* in the history of American poetry, — the Remains of a very youthful, and talented, and pious student.

Let it be borne in mind, that these pieces were nearly all written before their Author had arrived at eighteen years of age ; and that, when he departed this life, his mind was not fully matured. Habituated to but few intimacies, and a student, his faculties could not ripen so rapidly, as in the case of those, who have many companions, and are thrown early into active society. Three or four years more would have developed capacities, of which he was just becoming conscious, when he deceased. And for the last three years of his life he paid but little attention to poetry, from conscientious motives. If he had reviewed these pieces at a short period before his death, they would undoubtedly have been much improved. The last piece composed by him was that entitled "Humility," written a year or two previous to his decease ; and he at that time expressed a de-

termination to deny himself thenceforth the enjoyment of poetical composition, that he might devote himself more unreservedly to the serious and laborious duties which he had chosen.

These Buds, whose stalk was cut down, before they were allowed to expand fully into the shining flower, yet are beautiful, and show how lovely would have been their maturity. We have thought they ought not to wither in darkness and perish, and have attempted thus to preserve them for a time. The name of Lyde is already familiar to Episcopalians in this country, and is cherished by them. Removed from the circle of his friends and the prospects of much usefulness in the militant Church, at a very early age, yet, even in this beginning of his days, the originator of the Protestant Episcopal Mission to China; having a mind richly stored with human learning, and a heart thoroughly imbued with divine grace; enthusiastic, energetic, refined, he has been fondly remembered, and his loss will be long deplored. To many personal friends, and to many who have heard of him, these simple poems will commend themselves.

We cannot better conclude this preface, than by applying to the subject of it, the words, slightly altered, of Southey, at the close of his very interesting "Account of the Life of Henry Kirke White," the minute and expressive appropriateness of which has been observed since the title of our little volume was selected. "The reader, who feels any admiration for Lyde, will take some interest in these Remains, because they are his; he, who shall feel

none, must have a blind heart, and therefore a blind understanding. . . . . The very circumstance of his early death gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him, in the fair morning of his virtues, the full spring blossom of his hopes,—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent. . . . . His temper had been irritable in his younger days, but this he had long since effectually overcome. His conversation was always sober, and to the purpose. That which was most remarkable in him, was his uniform *good sense*, a faculty perhaps less common than genius. There never existed a more dutiful son, a more affectionate brother, a warmer friend, nor a devouter Christian. Of his powers of mind it is superfluous to speak; they were acknowledged wherever they were known. It would be idle, too, to say, what hopes were entertained of him, and what he might have accomplished in literature. This volume contains specimens of what he has left, *immature buds, and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit*; yet will these evince what the harvest would have been, and secure for him a remembrance.

‘Thou soul of GOD’s best earthly mould,  
 Thou happy soul! and can it be  
 That these . . . . .  
 Are all that must remain of thee?’

WORDSWORTH.”

The following tribute to the memory of our friend has been kindly furnished for insertion in this volume, by one who knew him well, the distinguished American poetess, Mrs. Sigourney. Its justice is equalled only by its beauty.

## AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE.

THOU wert a musing student o'er thy book,  
When first I saw thee. Yet the eagle's wing  
Soars not more duly sunward, than thy mind  
From cliff to cliff of knowledge urged its way,  
Kindling and glorying at the proud career.  
A ripe, rare spirit wrought within thy form  
Of boyish beauty.

But thy glance grew deep,  
Feeding on secret, solitary thought,  
With speechless joy. For thou didst hear that voice  
From voiceless nature,—in the wind that swept  
Around thy cloistered casement, in the stream  
Freshening the foliage of yon classic grove,  
And in the whisper of the lone wild flower,—  
Which none but poets hear. Thy wakened lyre,  
Sweet son of song! won thee warm brotherhood  
With many a loving heart.

Yet not the realm  
Of ancient Learning, thronged with classic shapes,  
Nor rose-wreathed Poesy's delightful bowers,  
Contented thee. Thy soul had holier aims,  
And from Castalian waters meekly turned  
To the pure brook that kissed thy Saviour's feet,

What time to dark-browed Olivet he went  
For lowly prayer. And ever o'er thine hour  
Of deep devotion China's millions stole,  
Blind, wandering, lost.

And then thou didst dismiss  
The host of pleasant fancies, that so long  
Had made thy pilgrimage a music-strain,  
And for the outcast heathen pledge thy life,  
A diamond, to the treasury of thy LORD.  
— Heaven took the pledge ; — yet not for weary years  
Of toil, and pain, and age : — there was a flush  
On thy young cheek, — a fire within thine eye, —  
A failing of the footstep, that was wont  
To tread green earth so firm and buoyantly, —  
A wasting of the half-ethereal clay ; —  
Heaven took the pledge, and thou art all its own.

L. H. S.



POETICAL REMAINS  
OF  
AUGUSTUS FOSTER LYDE.

“ Nam vitis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille est,  
Qui minimis urgetur.”

HOR. Sat. I. III. 68, 69.

“ Hushed is the Lyre, — the hand, that swept  
The low and pensive wires,  
Robbed of its cunning, from the task retires.

“ Yes, — it is still, — the Lyre is still ;  
The spirit, which its slumbers broke,  
Hath passed away. . . . .

“ Yet I would press you to my lips once more,  
Ye wild, ye withering flowers of poesy ;  
Yet would I drink the fragrance which ye pour,  
Mixed with decaying odors.”

H. K. WHITE.

TO  
MESSRS. LOCKWOOD, HANSON, AND BOONE,  
MISSIONARIES IN CHINA  
OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES ;  
TO  
THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF THE CLASS  
WHICH GRADUATED IN THE YEAR 1834  
FROM THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES ;  
AND TO  
THE ALUMNI GENERALLY OF THE SAME INSTITUTION ;  
THIS MEMORIAL OF  
LYDE  
IS DEDICATED BY  
T. H. V.

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“The memory of the just is blessed.”

“These honors, Lyre, we yet may keep ;  
I, still unknown, may live with thee,  
And gentle zephyr’s wing will sweep  
Thy solemn string, where low I sleep,  
Beneath the alder tree.

“This little dirge will please me more  
Than the full requiem’s swelling peal ;  
I’d rather, than that crowds should sigh  
For me, that from some kindred eye  
The trickling tear should steal.”

H. K. WHITE.

# POETICAL REMAINS.

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STANZA,

PREFATORY TO HIS ALBUM.\*

FAIR is the wreath round friendship's brow entwined,  
Friendship, so dear to every noble mind ;  
Earth were a wilderness, her power once lost ;  
Man, a sad shipwreck o'er life's ocean tost.

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\* In the remainder of this volume the notes are by the Editor. As these poems were many of them written upon detached sheets and scraps of paper, and the rest copied carelessly into an Album, the Editor has been obliged frequently to furnish their titles. The age of our Author, when the several pieces were composed, will be given, whenever it can be done. The stanza above was written when he was about fourteen years of age.

## HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.\*

He gave to *memory* all he had,—a tear ;  
 He gained from Heaven, 't was all he wished, a friend.

GRAY.

FAR o'er the billows, — far away,  
 My heart, my hopes, my wishes stray ;  
 By night, — by day, — bright visions come,  
 To tell me of an absent home.

Home of my childhood ! though I rove  
 Far, — far from those whom most I love,  
 My tearful eye shall ever be  
 Fixed gazingly alone on thee !

Friends of my youth ! who loved to share  
 The sorrows of a falling tear,  
 Back to that sunny home ye 've gone,  
 And left me friendless and alone !

Alone ! alone ! not one whose breast  
 May pillow all my care to rest !  
 And, when this bosom beats so high,  
 May calm it with one kindly sigh !

Kind Grandsire ! on whose trembling knee  
 I 've prattled oft an infant's glee,  
 Whose glistening eye so often smiled  
 Upon thy fondled, favored child, —

---

\* Written, probably, at sixteen.

Thou, who would'st bend thine aged head,  
And weep above my feverish bed,—  
Thou, in whose kind and throbbing heart  
I held the fondest—dearest part,—

Oh! if to happy souls 't is given,  
To wander from the joys of Heaven,  
Then bring a blessing with thee now,  
And lay it on this beating brow!

That sunny beach!—that sloping shore!  
Where I have seen the ocean pour  
Its legioned billows, to uptear  
The bounds its Maker planted there!

Ye winds! whose wings so soon will reach  
The quiet of that moaning beach!  
Tell it,—the boy remembers yet,  
He never—never can forget.

Home of my childhood! could I stand  
Once more upon thy sea-washed strand,  
Nor wealth, nor fame, nor joy, nor pain,  
Should tear me from that spot again.

Far o'er the billows, far away,  
To thee my heart's best wishes stray!—  
I loved thee much,—I loved too well;  
Farewell to thee! farewell! farewell!

## YOUTHFUL ATTACHMENTS.\*

IN the bright sunshine of our happiness,  
 When all above, around, beneath, is bliss,  
 When innocence and loveliness combine  
 To please the heart round which they fondly twine,  
 'Mid those glad hours there smiles one fairy spot,  
 Man in his day-dreams never yet forgot,  
 Round which, on fancy's wing he lingers still,  
 To soothe the thoughts of past and present ill :  
 And as at last he slowly from them turns, —  
 Like widowed dove, whose breast instinctive burns  
 For those she loves, — his grief-torn heart still strays  
 O'er the bright visions of those happy days,  
 Which, like fair jewels in some wilderness,  
 Shine 'mong the mouldering ruins of his peace.  
 Then hear the simple tale of youth again, —  
 'T will while away a moment not in vain, —  
 'T will bring to mind the happy past once more,  
 And help to live departed pleasures o'er.

Does the lone mariner, at midnight hour,  
 When heaving billows brave the seaman's power,  
 Think oft with sadness of his smiling home,  
 And vow in silence never thence to roam,

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\* Written at fifteen, and delivered at an exhibition of the Θ. Β. Φ., a literary society in Washington College, December 18th, 1823.



If once restored? — So would we muse on joys  
*We* once possessed, and mourn with *you* their loss.  
In youth, — when first we smile on nature's sweets,  
And beauteousness our roving fancy greets,  
When all we see is gemmed with fairy light,  
And all conspires to enchant our ravished sight, —  
'T is still our sweetest transport to impart  
These young emotions to some friendly heart.  
But can we seek a friend, when youth has flown,  
While with it pleasure and her train have gone?  
No, — when we raised our wondering eyes on high,  
And gazed upon the orbs in yonder sky,  
Eternal lamps that shine without decay,  
To light each heaven-born seraph on his way,  
We fondly thought, that like us there were those,  
Whose bosoms heaved 'mid nature's sweet repose,  
Gladdened by all below, that meets the eye  
Of earth's poor traveller, as he wanders by.  
'T is now, our feelings and our hopes are warm,  
We tread the paths of youth without alarm,  
And though the adder 'neath some rosy bower  
Waits but to dart his sting in evil hour.

Plant not the thorn amid our present bliss,  
Give us, though vain, the dreams of promised peace.  
Yet, as through life's dark path you lonely stray,  
With caution pluck the flowers along your way:  
All have been blithe and innocent and young,  
And on the breast of friendship all have hung.  
We thought 't was sweet to listen to the tone  
Of one, whose joys and griefs were all our own:

Those hours bloomed fair with raptures ever new,  
And still how fair to retrospection's view !  
Where is the joyless soul that cannot glow  
With flame which towers above all else below,  
When Friendship offers all that she can give,  
And bids desponding hearts revive and live ?  
Who, that a cold unfeeling form would be,  
Without the heart's responding minstrelsy,  
A stranger to that soul-exalting love,  
Which seraphs taste in yonder courts above ?  
I would not barter feelings such as these,  
For each bright gem beneath the stormy seas !  
Oh ! 't is a Paradise to live below,  
When ecstasies like these from pure hearts flow !

I knew a friend who shared my every thought,  
To him I oped my faithful breast unsought,  
With him I roved where fancy led the way,  
As from life's weary path we roamed away :  
No deep deceit beneath a smiling face  
E'er lured the prey to ruin and disgrace ;  
But all was openness, — each moving look  
The freedom of his noble heart bespoke ;  
My cares, — since cares there are for thoughtless  
youth, —  
I laid before his eye with guileless truth.  
Yes ! I have heard men tell of faithless friends,  
Whose love, like flowerets 'neath the rude storm,  
bends ;  
*He* was my refuge from the storms of life, —  
A shelter from its bitter cares and strife.

But youthful raptures soon decay,  
Each gem of brightness fades away :  
The groves, — where we so oft did roam,  
And rise on fancy's wing to Heaven,  
And, while we viewed that Sabbath home,  
Would clasp the hopes to mortals given, —  
Those haunts must die ; the whispering brook,  
Whose moss-decked banks we sported near,  
On whose calm surface we would look,  
Dreaming our joys were mirrored there, —  
The wild rose, too, — whose dew-washed flowers  
Smile like a sleeping cherub-boy, —  
Must fade away, like twilight hours,  
Ephemeral as each infant toy.

I 've seen the stag in his sportive mood,  
Tramping along through the darkened wood,  
Pausing, — then, wild as the breath of morn,  
He flies at sound of "the huntsman's horn."  
Each streamlet he passed, he knew full well, —  
For at noon-day hour he there did dwell ;  
Each hillock and dell, that met his eye,  
Told where he gambolled in days gone by ;  
His comrades fell in the bloody chase,  
And left him lone, — *the last of his race* :  
But the quick step of the ruthless hound  
Proclaimed his foe near. One desperate bound !  
One struggling leap ! and he stands to die,  
While big tears roll from his dark, bright eye !  
The struggle 's short, — the contest is o'er,  
The lord of the woods remains no more.

So we, when drooping age shall come,  
And point us to the welcome tomb,  
Shall pause, as memory's fading rays  
Illume the scenes of former days,  
And trace each line of beauty there,  
In distance shrouded soft and fair.  
Within these circling wreaths of green,  
Which sweetly hang in nature's sheen,  
Where beauty's lily hands entwine  
A dearer wreath than laurelled vine,  
Full many a heart is beating high,  
To meet the look of some bright eye,  
Whose thrilling look defies control, —  
Fair Friendship's very life and soul.  
These scenes the heart can ne'er forget,  
No! treasured in its chambers yet,  
They 'll live, when youth and manhood's day  
Have sunk in weary age away!

As traveller, wandering in some foreign clime,  
'Mid crumbling piles that mark the track of time,  
Or gazing on some ruined edifice,  
Which basked in olden time in smiles of peace,  
Views but its grandeur, — all its beauty gone, —  
And stands o'erawed before the sculptured stone,  
The memory of departed joys still lives,  
Mellowed by thoughts which retrospection gives;  
Its brighter hues have faded long away,  
But left the softer tinge of youthful day.  
Yet there are joys awaiting us above,  
The happy fruits of that devoted love,

Which bloomed awhile below! There Friendship lives,  
Blest with each balmy breath that Heaven gives,  
A goodly plant, that droops in mortal climes,  
To bloom the fairer yet in happier times!

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## A PARAPHRASE OF HABAKKUK III. 17, 18.\*

ALTHOUGH the fig-tree shall not bloom,  
Nor give to Heaven its sweet perfume ;  
Although the vine no fruit shall bear,  
Nor purple grape hang clustering there ;  
Although the tender flock must go,  
And grazing herds all perish too ;  
Yet I will glory in the LORD,  
Who does these kindly gifts afford,  
And humbly kiss thy chastening rod,  
My gracious Master and my GOD !

---

\* Written, probably, at sixteen.

## MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

“Man was made to mourn.”—H. K. WHITE.

OH ! tell me why man 's made to mourn,  
 As on the stream of life he 's borne ;  
 Why years unnumbered still pass on,  
 Leaving no wreck of what has gone !  
     The flower may fade, — its leaves may fall,  
     Reviving Nature quickens all ;  
     But “ man was made to mourn ! ”

Should trembling kings bow to his will,  
 Or India's wealth his coffers fill,  
 Death's cruel hand the gift will grasp,  
 Him earth will to her bosom clasp ;  
     The poor, the rich, there soon must lie,  
     Where ne'er is heard or groan or sigh,  
     For “ man was made to mourn.”

Affection's ties his soul may bind,  
 Love's dearest hopes his heart may find,  
 Nothing is certain, nothing sure,  
 Nothing can here be called secure ;  
     The withered cheek, the sunken eye,  
     Remind us that we all must die,  
     Since “ man was made to mourn ! ”

When, in some distant barbarous land,  
 Beyond the reach of Christian hand,

He soars on fancy's airy wing,  
Above the power of bolt or ring,  
Reality soon heaves in sight,  
Its ghastly horrors come to light ;  
Sure "man was made to mourn !"

But there 's a strait and narrow way,  
That leads to Heaven's eternal day !  
Then floods may beat, the earth may quake,  
Creation to its centre shake ;  
Still we 've a hope that 's always proved  
Eternal, lasting, and unmoved !  
Is man, then, "made to mourn" ?

## THOUGHTS BY THE HUDSON.\*

PROUD Hudson! on thy deep, thy shadowed stream,  
 Ten thousand beauties in their stillness lie,  
 Ten thousand glories on thy waters gleam,  
 Ten thousand scenes encircle thee, that vie  
 With aught that earth can boast ; — and it is thy  
 Prerogative, and thine alone, to lave  
 The goodliest land beneath this western sky, —  
 To send in grandeur on thy proudly crested wave,  
 Bearing the wealth and power of those whom earth  
 calls brave !

Fair Hudson ! 't is for this we love thy name,  
 'T is this that makes thy children love thee more !  
 Till now, thou still hast been the unchanging same !  
 Those woods of green, that gently sloping shore,  
 The mists, that climb thy mountain banks, and soar  
 To heaven that gave them, the light barks that go  
 On with their errands, — where, in time before,  
 Untrodden cliffs and forests listened to the flow  
 Of rippling waters from their rocky beds below !

These are the same, — and these are all thine own,  
 The beauteous same they were in days gone by !  
 Thy cliff-built banks are changed, — but thou alone  
 Bearest no change upon thy joyous face !  
 But thou art young, — and fancy's eye can trace

---

\* Written near West Point, probably at the age of sixteen.



The lines of youth upon thy smiling brow !  
 Ay ! young to us, — though Nature's simplest race  
 Would wildly gaze upon thee, and in silence bow  
 To HIM, who made thee such, "as we do now !"

Oh ! I have seen men look on thee, — then turn,  
 And coldly say, "It is a lovely scene" !  
 And I have felt my youthful bosom burn,  
 To think that there were those so cold, so mean,  
 That when they viewed thee, robed in all thy  
     sheen, —  
 A living thing of youth and love and light, —  
 In all thy brilliancy and beauty seen, —  
 They would not kneel them down, and make the rocky  
     height  
 Whereon they stood, a shrine to worship God aright !

There 's moonlight on thy waters once again : —  
 And rippling waves, that wash the pebbly shore,  
 Driven by the angered tempest from the main,  
 Are borne where ocean's voice is heard no more ;  
 And each comes whispering to the beach, to pour  
 Its little tale of gladsomeness and glee  
 Along the rocks, that reared their crags before  
 The fairest things of Nature's works began to be, —  
 That smiled upon Creation's earliest infancy !

The Alpine height, that lifts its cliff above,  
 And seeks proud commune with the things on high,  
 Where half-fledged eaglets round its summit rove,  
 And swift-winged lightnings on their errands fly,

Bears the wild impress of *sublimity*;  
 But, when that man has fixed his dwelling there,  
 And rears his harvests 'neath a favoring sky,  
*Beauty* sits throned amid those scenes so passing fair,  
 Where the wild peaks before in nature's stillness  
 were !

So with these mimic waves. Once they have been  
 Amid the tumult of an angry deep,  
 Where the fierce tempest-spirit might be seen,  
 Piling the waters in a billowy heap,  
 Proud contest from their foaming heights to keep  
 With rocks that dared to brave him in his might :  
 But now in cherub loveliness they sleep,  
 Doubling the glories of the glorious things of night,  
 Making the stars that twinkle o'er them seem more  
 bright !

There 's music on thy waters : — oh ! how sweet !  
 The sound has passed. But then its melody  
 Is stealing o'er thy noiseless waters yet,  
 With its unearthly richness floating by !  
 Oh ! I could soon hush up each heaving sigh,  
 Forget for ever sorrowing and woe,  
 And, swan-like, 'mid such music gladly die !  
 Would it but come once more ! alas ! 't is ever so ;  
 The loveliest things on earth will always soonest go !

I dreamed of Heaven in happy dreams ; I woke  
 To the deep thunders of the evening gun,  
 Which forth from silence in its grandeur spoke,  
 To bid its farewell to the setting sun, —

“ Another day of useful greatness gone !  
Another day of thy existence past ! ”  
And the deep echoes o'er the mountains run,  
To tell the tale to listening silence ; and the waste  
Of woods gives answer to that sound to me the last !

---

## PRAYERS OF THE GOOD.\*

YE stars ! that blaze so bright on Nature's crown,  
Lamps hung in chaos by a hand divine !  
Ye sentinels, that walk your stated rounds,  
Your mighty rounds, on Nature's still confine !  
Say ! are those clouds, so beauteous and so bright,  
That float along in mystic beauty there,  
The prayers of good men wafted calmly on,  
To gain an answer from the God of prayer ?

---

\* Written, probably, at sixteen.

## THE ORPHAN.\*

MOTHER, awake ! the sun has set,  
 And darkness spreads along the sky ;  
 No silver star is peeping yet,  
 And, save the night bird's mournful cry,  
 And the winds whistling loud and shrill,  
 I hear no sound ; 't is fearful still.

Mother, awake ! for thou hast slept  
 Long on the cold earth by my side ;  
 I slumbered not, but watched and wept,  
 And yet I knew not why I cried ;  
 'T is bleak and very lonesome here ;  
 I tremble sadly, mother dear !

Ah me ! why wilt thou not awake,  
 When I have called thee oft and loud ?  
 A storm seems rising, soon will break  
 Yon heavy and alarming cloud ;  
 Here is no shelter for my head,  
 Cold and exposed too is thy bed.

She hears me not ! how pale and cold  
 Art thou, my mother dear !  
 The dead are so, I have been told ;  
 She breathes not, — and I fear

---

\* Written at the age of twelve or thirteen, — and founded upon an incident in the life of a late English monarch.

My mother is no more ! in lonesome woe  
Onward her orphan boy must go !

Go ! where ? ah ! God direct me now !  
Father of all ! my only one !  
Guide my young footsteps, teach me how  
To live, thy unprotected son !  
Kind Heaven ! perchance my prayers of grief  
Are heard, and thou dost bring relief !

\* \* \* \* \*

Kind stranger ! list the orphan's tale,  
And do not check soft pity's tear ;  
Though young, she felt misfortune's gale ;  
It has blown bitter and severe  
On her, who slumbers 'neath yon tree,  
Relieved from earthly misery !

It is my mother : — from our home,  
An humble cottage, we were driven  
By cruel man, and forced to roam ;  
No roof to shelter us but heaven,  
Which, like my fate, in gloom is shrouded,  
And all its beauties overclouded.

My father fell in battle strife,  
When I, an infant in the arms,  
Felt not the storms of chequered life,  
Knew nought of direful war's alarms ;  
But that I knew a mother's love,  
My tears of anguish now will prove !

Too young to labor, mother strove  
 To gain a livelihood for me,  
 And while from place to place we 'd move,  
 I cheered her with my childish glee ;  
 Unto the town our way we sped  
 Through this dark forest ; hope has fled !

Yes ! hope has fled, for she, whose love  
 Urged her with sickness to contend,  
 No longer lives, and I must rove,  
 Without a parent, guide, or friend,  
 Unless, kind stranger ! thou wilt cheer  
 The boy, whose mother slumbers here.

\* \* \* \* \*

Albert de Courcy was his name,  
 And on the field of Waterloo  
 He fell ; it was a field of fame,  
 But ah ! of desolation too !  
 Stranger ! the orphan's prayers are thine,  
 May joy and peace around thee shine !

Farewell, my mother ! from above  
 Now smile upon thy orphan boy ;  
 Befriended, cherished now with love,  
 Again his heart may throb with joy !  
 Often thy grave, with tearful eye  
 And throbbing heart, with flowers he 'll strew ;  
 And think, like to thy soul on high,  
 Life's faded plant will bloom anew !

## A FRAGMENT, FROM A SATIRICAL ODE.\*

*Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum.—JUV.*

SHAME ! shame ! are these the men who 're called  
to stand

The first and foremost in a happy land ?  
Can learning find no kind reception here,  
No friend to aid her, and no voice to cheer ?  
Are there so few, who care to plead her cause,  
And give us learning while they give us laws ?  
Stay, injured goddess ! yet one moment stay,  
Nor bear the blessings, which thou bring'st, away !  
Yet, if thou find no welcome on our shore,  
Go ; go, where thou art loved and valued more !  
Poor soulless wretch ! whom nature never meant  
To grasp the greatness of a government !  
Go, see what other lands have dared to do,  
And, as you wonder, learn to practise too ;  
Pause for a moment in a sister state,  
And learn, it is her Harvard makes her great ;  
Then go to England's favored clime, and gaze  
On the proud pomp of learning's palaces.  
Her Cambridge and her Oxford ! there they stand,  
The proudest boast and glory of the land,  
Arches on arches piled, that point to heaven,  
The richest presents that her kings have given,†

---

\* Written at fifteen or sixteen.

† The following note is appended to the poem in the original manuscript. "King's College, Cambridge, the pride and glory of the University, was founded by Henry the Sixth, and richly endowed by Henry the Sev-

The brightest, fairest gems that sparkle now,  
Among the brilliants of her jewelled brow,  
All that a people's gratitude can give  
Back for the blessings under which they live,  
The tribute of her children far and near,  
All in its rich profusion gathered here !  
Kind Genius of my country, come ! Oh come !  
And shed one blessing more on this our home !  
Grant us to feel, with still expanding mind,  
That Learning's foe can ne'er be Freedom's friend,  
That, when in after times the hand of fame  
Shall wreath green chaplets round each honored  
name,  
Theirs may the brightest and most honored be,  
Who were the friends of learning and of thee !

---

enth. Queen's College was founded by Margaret of Anjou, the wife of Henry the Sixth. Christ's College, and also St. John's, were founded by Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, the mother of Henry the Seventh. Trinity College, possessing 'the most considerable establishment' in the University, was founded by Edward the Third, but received its chief endowments from Henry the Eighth. The endowments of Queen's College were increased by Elizabeth Widville, the wife of Edward the Fourth. Oxford bears among its patrons the names of Henry the First, Richard the First, Edward the Second, Henry the Eighth, and Charles the First. Christ Church College was founded by the unhappy Cardinal Wolsey."



## THE HIGHLAND FIGHT.\*

“The clansmen on every side stripped their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men pulling off their bonnets raised their faces to heaven and uttered a short prayer, then pulled their bonnets over their brows and moved onward !

WAYERLEY.

SILENT and hushed and motionless !  
 A death-like pause of breathlessness !  
 Ten thousand thoughts, all wild and deep,  
 Which, in their frightful passage, sweep  
 Across those breasts, that beat so high  
 With throbs of proud expectancy !  
 But not a whispered word to break  
 That silence ! kingdoms were at stake !  
 Kings to be made or be undone,  
 And battles to be lost or won !  
 The eyes of anxious nations bent  
 Towards this angry tournament !  
 Long gathering wrongs avenged not,  
 Smothered till now, but ne'er forgot !  
 Anger, and hate, and hope, and fear,  
 All, in their might concentrated here !  
     To-morrow ! Oh that word to-morrow !  
     How full of love and hope and sorrow !  
     To-morrow ! it may never come !  
     To-morrow — may be in the tomb !  
 And there, in prayerful silence now,  
 Uncovered is each beating brow,

---

\* Written in October, 1831.

And every lip is quivering there,  
As it gives forth its whispered prayer ;  
Each daring fault, and broken vow,  
And crimes, — all, all, remembered now !  
Whole years of crime of every die  
Memory brings back most painfully ; —  
Children, and wife, and all who press  
Around each heart in tenderness ;  
Oh God ! preserve their helplessness !  
Youth's brow of pride and eyes of light,  
And age's hairs so purely white,  
The morning wind swept softly o'er ;  
It never seemed so sweet before !  
They thought upon that far-off home,  
Whither their feet might never come ;  
One tear ! it was the only one !  
Father in Heaven ! thy will be done !

On ! on ! for the notes of our bugles are swelling,  
Their war-cry is forth upon mountain and wave ;  
On ! on ! where the claymores of Scotland are telling,  
Their cause is the cause of the loyal and brave !

Where the swords of our foemen are flashing the  
brightest,  
Where the shout of the battle is longest and loudest,  
There the heart of the Highlander ever is lightest,  
And its throbs are the freest and strongest and  
proudest !

On ! on ! with the banners we love waving o'er us,  
And the friends of our hearts pressing round to  
defend us !

Disgrace is behind and glory before us ;  
The blessings of Heaven and Scotland attend us !

There 's a sigh for the names of the dead !  
For the brave men whose spirits have gone !  
They fell in the flush of the fight that they won ;  
There 's a sigh for the names of the dead !

There 's a tear o'er the graves of the dead !  
Where they sleep their calm death-sleep at last ;  
Their memory is here, though their footsteps have  
passed, —  
There 's a tear o'er the graves of the dead !

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.\*

A MOTHER'S love ! a mother's love !  
That sound of holy loveliness !  
All know full well, — but few can tell,  
How full of heaven and joy it is !

A mother's love, — when sickness comes,  
With all its train of feverish ill,  
To blight and wither up the soul, —  
Yes ! even in death, — is with us still !

Across life's dark and troublous water,  
Amid the gloom, there shines from far  
A bright, unflickering blaze of light,  
A mother's love's bright beacon star !

My mother ! on my dying bed  
Thy hand shall smooth my weary pillow,  
And on my cold, cold grave, at last  
Shall plant the stilly weeping willow !

---

\* Written, probably, at sixteen.

## ORIGIN OF THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

LONG — long ago, — ere poets sung,  
 While heaven was bright, and earth was young,  
 When man was pure, and angels' eyes  
 Gazed on the sweets of Paradise, —

'T was then, — within a jasmine bower,  
 A seraph paused at evening hour,  
 To listen, as it swelled along,  
 To heaven and earth's commingled song.

He knelt to worship, — but his tongue  
 Refused to breathe that seraph song ;  
 One sin had passed his holy breast,  
 And robbed it of its wonted rest.

He looked to heaven, — but heaven was dim, —  
 Its music had no charms for him ;  
 Rich sounds through its bright courts were stealing,  
*His* harp was hushed, — *his* heart unfeeling.

He knelt, — and in a burning prayer,  
 Poured his whole soul in sorrowing there ;  
 He raised his tearful eyes to heaven, —  
 He wept, — and prayed, — and was forgiven.

And where (as angels' legends tell)  
 Those tears of deep repentance fell,

Amid the perfume of that bower,  
There sprang this nightly blooming flower.

And still, on each returning year,  
The night he shed that sorrowing tear,  
It spreads its beauteous leaves to heaven,  
The emblem of a sin forgiven.

---

## A FRAGMENT.

————— The contest was unequal ;  
For mightier minds rose up, and purer hearts  
Rose up, with all the sympathies of men,  
And with the blessing of the God of truth,  
The favored champions of Righteousness.  
That was a glorious day for Virtue's cause,  
That saw the meeting of conflicting minds,  
Host against host, and banner against banner,  
The triumph of the cause of God and man.

## SWITZERLAND.\*

'T WAS night; for nature's self had sunk to rest,  
 And stillness hung o'er mountain, lake, and plain:  
 Man slumbered, and forgot the cares of life,  
 Since all around was hushed to quietness;  
 And all was silent as the trackless wild.  
 There came no moan upon the passing breeze,  
 The moon looked out upon the stilly scene,  
 And winds forgot to howl around the cliffs, —  
 Their olden haunts, — while sporting with her beams.  
 Night's dewy showers fell fast; — and, where at eve  
 I viewed the glories of a western sun,  
 Bright stars were twinkling in the azure sky,  
 And from their lofty thrones smiled sweetly o'er  
 The land beneath. No rampart height, or tower,  
 No massive fortress, told the tyrant's home;  
 Its only bulwark was the freeman's breast,  
 To his true steel and Heaven it left the rest.

I stood upon the Alps, — boast of the Swiss,  
 That reared their shapeless craggy tops on high,  
 And seemed to mock the pigmy works of man, —  
 One rocky mass, — one heaven-aspiring height,  
 That left the feeble worldling at its base  
 To grovel on upon polluted earth,  
 While it sought converse with a higher world, —

---

\* Written at sixteen, and delivered at a Junior Exhibition, April 10th, 1829.

Nurse of the storm, — the whirlwind's desert home, —  
Where the blast roars around the craggy steep,  
Where echoing caverns catch the thunder's voice,  
And crashing rocks bespeak the lightning's deed.

Oh! who could gaze on such a scene as this,  
Nor feel the throb of more than mortal bliss?  
Who would not feel his mighty soul expand,  
And grasp Creation in its giant hand?  
Nature's own wildness dwells in grandeur there,  
Where 'mid such grandeur man forgets to fear.  
'T is worth a life, to gaze on scene like this,  
Where e'en Creation sinks to nothingness; —  
To leave mankind and all on earth behind,  
And drink in vigor from the mountain wind,  
Whose breezes bear no tale of grief or woe,  
No sad lamenting from a world below.  
This, — this is joy; — all else on earth is vain,  
All else, save that from Heaven, gives edge to pain.  
There, — where the wild flower in its beauty grows,  
Or the bold mountain torrent onward flows,  
Where the wild chamois takes the daring leap  
From rock to rock, from precipice to steep, —  
There — man forgets what he was born to be,  
And almost thinks himself a Deity.  
Go! when the setting sun his splendor shows,  
And a rich brilliance o'er his pathway throws; —  
Go! when he sinks behind the Alpine steep,  
And gives his glory to the western deep; —  
Go! when the storm-cloud o'er the rocky wild  
Hath left its folds in fleecy grandeur piled; —



Go ! where each lake a burnished mirror lies,  
Reflecting back the glories of the skies,  
To deck the robe of earth ;— then ask,  
Can man tread soil like this a crouching slave ?  
Or sleep in peace within a menial's grave ?

But they *were* slaves. The Austrian despot swayed  
His demon sceptre here, — and was obeyed ;  
Each cot, once gladdened by the morning sun,  
Told where the savage work of death was done ;  
The wild bird screeched o'er many a scene of grief,  
Where none were near to bring the kind relief ;  
And many a floweret hung its drooping head  
O'er the cold breast of the unburied dead ;  
The shepherd boy, when sets the evening sun,  
And twilight shadows round the skies are hung,  
Hushes his pipe amid its plaintive tones,  
To view with saddened heart some mouldering bones,  
Which, long since preyed on by the eagle's young,  
Have bleached through years in every summer sun.

Cursed be the arm that struck the blow,  
Which laid the son of freedom low !  
Let willing lightnings sear the hand,  
That strewed its terrors o'er a land,  
Where pleasure danced in every eye,  
And music hushed each rising sigh !  
But there was one, who roved away,  
As evening lisped farewell to day,  
And where no lingering step was nigh,  
Mused on his country pensively ;

Then Brutus-like he fondly swore,  
That she should feel her wrongs no more.  
For he had watched, with boding eye,  
The vulture bird of tyranny  
Perch on his native mountain height,  
And fold its plumes, and cease its flight ;  
Then cursed the hour it reached a shore,  
Where all was happiness before.

He offered up no sacrifice,  
But raised to Heaven his tearless eyes,  
Tearless, — since it were woman-like  
To weep, where there was need to strike.  
Silent, where Alpine grandeur dwelt,  
Beneath the listening sky he knelt,  
And begged His aid, who always smiled  
On deeds of Freedom's injured child ;  
Then rising left the hallowed place,  
Where conscious Nature whispered peace.  
But there were other hearts beside,  
Whose temper he had often tried,  
And found it fully bold and free,  
But not as his, — so great was he !  
By midnight they would oft convene,  
By all, save the Great One, unseen,  
And pledged their lives, their faith, their all,  
Freely to live, — or nobly fall.  
Spirits so proud would never wear  
The chains that *man* had fastened there ;  
No ! sooner let the gathering snow, —  
Dread Alpine messenger of woe, —

Leave bleaching bones behind to tell  
Where the brave Swiss beneath it fell !  
The deed resolved on should be done,  
When slowly sank the setting sun,  
Behind Mont Blanc's proud monarch height,  
That stood spectator of the fight.

As the mighty dash of ocean's spray,  
As the thunders burst by bright noon-day,  
As the eagle's flight, when the huntsman's nigh,  
As the lightning's flash o'er the blackened sky,  
They came : — 't was the hour of dim twilight,  
When each shrouded orb withheld its light ;  
Not that on deed so daring 't would frown,  
Or souls so noble unkindly disown,  
But it paused o'er the scene, till all was done,  
The battle fought, — the victory won.  
“ Comrades and friends ! ” said their leader, “ fare-  
well !

Perchance 't is our last, yet welcome, farewell :  
Life is to me as the weed I would throw  
On the murderer's grave, where lies he low ;  
'T was given from the land that awaits me above,  
But I give it in turn to the land I love ;  
With a patriot heart, and a daring hand,  
Strike ! for our own injured Switzerland ! ”

Where a couch was spread at evening shade,  
Where a princely form was proudly laid,  
Where the eye was closed in thoughtless sleep,  
That promised sweet visions and slumbers deep,

A ghastly corpse in its stead was left, —  
Of beauty, and greatness, and glory bereft :  
For the battle had come ; — in the silence of night  
The tyrant had fallen ; he fell in his might.  
Then rose the shout of the warrior free,  
Tasting the first fruits of Liberty ;  
Each voice rang loud, each bosom beat high,  
As they gazed on the dead triumphantly.  
Far in the distance did bright lights shine,  
O'er the peaceful flow of the sleeping Rhine ;  
The glad waters heaved when the tale was told,  
As on, in their grandeur, they proudly rolled ;  
And a nation's praise swept sweetly by,  
And mingled soft tones with the warrior's cry.

There stands no graven funeral stone,  
To mark the low spot where they laid him ;  
In the cypress' shade he yet sleeps on,  
In the shroud that his greatness made him.

The ivy grows o'er the peaceful spot,  
And wreaths its wild chaplets above him ;  
Where pilgrims repair, who knew him not,  
To weep with his people that love him.

The Swiss minstrel sweeps the harp's wild note,  
'T is a chieftain's sad evening knell ;  
And angel-like sounds o'er the waters float,  
From the grave of their own William Tell.

## TO J. G.\*

THERE 's a rain-drop, that rests on the rose-leaf at even,  
 And bends it in beauty to silence and rest,  
 And a sunbeam of crimson has gilded that rain-drop  
 With the last ray of glory that comes from the west.

There 's a bird in the east, that has stolen from Heaven  
 Its name and its plumage, so beauteous and bright  
 That it seems, as it floats on its silvery wing,  
 A messenger bird from the "islands of light."

There 's a ripple, that comes to the listening beach,  
 To whisper its story with tremulous motion,  
 When the chime of the vespers steals soft o'er the wave,  
 And moonlight is sleeping in peace on the ocean.

But sweeter and brighter than all is the smile,  
 That plays on the lip of her whom we love,  
 For the visions it brings, like our dreamings of Heaven,  
 Have won all their tints from the regions above.

There 's many a moment of anguish and sorrow,  
 And tears that, alas ! we may never forget ;  
 But, 'mid the sighs of to-day and the tears of to-morrow,  
 That smile, — oh that smile ! — it will go with us yet.

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\* Written, probably, at seventeen.

## BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.\*

SAD, sad was the breathing of holiest fire,  
That swept its low moan o'er the prophet's waked  
lyre ;

And mournful the echoes that floated along,  
The dirge of the dead, — the wild requiem of song.

Oh Babylon ! Babylon ! woe be to thee,  
The pride of the earth and the queen of the sea !  
For the sin of thy people the word has been given,  
The lament of the prophet, — the mandate of Heaven !

And ages on ages returnless have flown,  
Since the doom of thy pride and thy splendor was  
known ;

But he who hath gazed on thy ruins can tell,  
That the words of the prophet are answered too well !

Green, green o'er thy towers the wild ivy is creeping,  
And silent beside thee the waters are sleeping,  
Save when touched by the wing of the bat in his flight,  
Gone forth on his errand of silence by night !

Cold, cold o'er thy ruins the night wind's low moan !  
'T is the sigh o'er the days of thy pride that have gone,

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\* Spoken at Commencement, August 5th, 1830. See the fifth chapter of Daniel, for the basis of this poem.

The voice of the dead, — where the living are still, —  
Borne forth from their charnel, all voiceless and chill !

Peace, peace, to the dust of the brave where they  
sleep !

Their slumbers be peaceful, — their quiet be deep !  
Let spring bring her chaplets and flowerets most fair,  
And strew them, and weave them in loveliness there !

In Babel 't is a festal night : —  
On Babel's towers the lamps are bright ;  
There, in their brilliancy they shine,  
Like gems upon an ebon shrine,  
And meteor-like are glaring high,  
To light the darkness of the sky,  
Heaven's darkest, deepest, blackest gloom,  
Still as Creation's voiceless tomb.  
Not even a lispng breath of air  
Wakes from its infant slumbers there !  
A noiseless, starless, breathless sky,  
Hushed into deep expectancy !  
But still on earth there is a cry  
Of wakeful mirth and revelry ;  
For Babel keeps her festal night,  
And all her lamps of holy light  
Are flashing, in one ceaseless gleam,  
Across Euphrates' waveless stream.

Flash on ! ye holy fires, flash on !  
Your brilliant life is nearly gone ;  
There is a meaning in the sky,  
Dark prelude of your destiny !

Home of the lightning and the storm !  
Strange semblance of JEHOVAH'S form !  
There is a meaning in the shape  
Your shadowy forms will sometimes take ;  
As 't were the marks which feelings trace,  
In hurried outline on the face  
Of the still future ; — all that 's given,  
To show frail man the will of Heaven.  
The moon-lit cloud, so bright, so fair,  
Gives hopes of joy and gladness near ;  
The scattered mist, that hurries by  
In fitful passage o'er the sky,  
Foretells the tears that pass away,  
Remembered but with yesterday ;  
But the dark sky of angry frown,  
That hangs in blackening stillness down,  
Tells of the deepest, saddest woe,  
That mortal man may taste or know.

And Babel's King was on his throne,  
And Babel's princes round him shone,  
And Babel's youth and beauty — all  
Are gathered in that glittering hall :  
Young hope and love are beaming now  
From every fair and noble brow,  
Where pomp and pageant move along  
To the rich melody of song ;  
The clanging horn, the melting flute,  
And sweetly pensive, plaintive lute,  
Wake the hushed echoes of that pile,  
And swell along each vaulted aisle,



Then, touching on some softer strain,  
Sink to their holy rest again.  
Circassia's lovely ones are there,  
And Arab maid of raven hair,  
That floats, in playful tresses, down  
A neck of loveliest, richest brown,  
With laughing eyes, that brightly flash,  
Beneath the long and dark eye-lash,  
Like India's pearls in ocean cave,  
That sparkle through the sleeping wave ;—  
All, that is beautiful and fair,  
Is gathered in full splendor there.

“Bring forth,” that monarch said, “bring forth  
Those golden cups of sacred worth,  
Which my own father's victor hand  
Bore from Judea's captive land.  
Yes! even from that hallowed place,  
The holiest shrine of holiness,  
Where all their boasted glories dwelt,  
And Judah's bigot prophet knelt,  
He, with his arm these trophies won,  
To swell the pomp of Babylon.  
But Belus's shrine shall share the spoil,  
He gathered there 'mid blood and toil,  
And Chaldee's king, — his monarch son, —  
Boast the proud name his father won.”

He spoke : and bright, before his throne,  
Those cups of sacred usage shone ;

And Babel's lords and princes all,  
Who graced that nightly festival,  
Filled up those golden goblets high,  
And drank, in their idolatry,  
'Mid boast of war and shout of sin,  
To Babel's god, and Babel's king.

Say! is there poison in that cup,  
That all the joy is withered up,  
Which, in its laughing echoes, burst  
From every lightsome tongue at first?  
Has all that sparkling gladness gone,  
And left you joyless and alone?  
The quivering lip, — the lifeless eye,  
Gazing in ghastly vacancy, —  
The livid cheek, — the gathered brow, —  
All, all, are cold and voiceless now.  
Jehovah's presence hath been here!  
And left his awful signet *there*.  
Read — read it there, poor mortal man, —  
Read if thou dare, read if thou can!  
Assyria's honors crown the man,  
Who well those mystic words shall scan,  
And all the pride, that monarchs wed,  
Be settled on his princely head!

Gaze on! gaze on! one withering look,  
Like that the great Archangel took,  
When on the angry bounds he stood,  
That beetled o'er the fiery flood,  
And paused, — accursed there of Heaven,  
All unrepentant, unforgiven!

And every eye is fixed intent,  
On Judah's holy prophet bent ;  
His cheek is pale, and o'er his brow  
A holy calm is stealing now ;  
His aged hands, together pressed,  
Are folded gently on his breast ;  
And, pure as streams that angels sip,  
A prayer is quivering on his lip ;  
His robe as spotless, as the prayer  
In holy accents rising there.  
That kingly crowd ! he heeds them not ; —  
They are alike unseen, forgot ;  
He seems, within the bounds of Heaven,  
To pray that they may be forgiven.  
The struggle's past ; 't is all in vain,  
He may not ask that boon again.

The lamps are flickering pale and wan,  
Where life and joy alike have flown,  
And that wide hall is hushed to peace,  
A frightful hush of breathlessness.  
"Thy doom is fixed ! thy course is run !  
Thy kingly honors all are won !  
To-morrow's sun shall never rise,  
To shed its splendor on thine eyes ;  
But, ere the midnight hour has fled,  
Thou shalt be numbered with the dead !  
Read on that burning wall, and see  
Those characters of mystery, —  
Read, — ay, and learn, when 't is too late,  
Jehovah's will, — Belshazzar's fate !

Thou! who, in an unguarded hour,  
Didst brave thy Maker's matchless power,  
His holy vessels didst profane,  
Blaspheme his temple and his name,  
Thou! who didst dare Jehovah's might,  
Go, — grapple with him now, to-night! —  
Thou art weighed in the balances,  
And wanting found in righteousness;  
The sceptre from thy hands is passed,  
Of Chaldee's monarchs, thou the last!  
The Mede and Persian share thy throne, —  
The ancient honors of thy crown;  
And even now their legions come,  
To bear thee to thy long, long home!  
Farewell! — a sad farewell for thee!  
A parting for — Eternity! ”

But hark! whence comes that echoing shout,  
That daring, deadly, fiendish cry,  
The death-knell to our cherished hopes,  
The long, loud shout of victory?  
Ten thousand mighty legions rush, —  
Like ocean's fountains, as they gush,  
In billowy deluge, o'er the earth,  
To drown its gladsome peals of mirth, —  
And many nations come from far,  
To swell the angry tide of war;  
Ten thousand Persians throng the wall,  
Ten thousand tongues for mercy call,  
Ten thousand brave men, in their wrath,  
Have strewed their conqueror's bloody path.

“Arm! on this sacred spot we ’ll stand,  
And battle with them hand to hand;  
Beneath these age-worn towers we ’ll close  
With Babylon’s accursed foes:  
Full well I know, to-morrow’s sun  
Shall see my life and glories won:  
So let it be; but this proud crown,  
The mighty dead have handed down,  
Was given untouched, undimmed to me,  
And still untouched, undimmed shall be.  
‘Belshazzar’s Feast’ our battle cry,  
We fight, — we conquer, — but to die;  
A daring, hopeless, friendless few,  
To king and country ever true!”

They fought before that palace gate,  
In the dread certainty of fate;  
No hope of conquest hovered o’er  
Those banners, steeped in Persian gore;  
But frantic rage and wild despair  
Are gathered in one conflict there.  
Behind them is the olden shrine,  
Those turbaned warriors deem divine;  
Before them is their monarch king,  
The conqueror of the conquering;  
Above them is the angry Heaven;  
Beneath, the slaves their wrath has riven;  
And “Onward! onward!” is the cry,  
Of those who fight, and those who die;  
But countless legions onward throng,  
’Mid the red flush of war along,

And those brave men sink, one by one,  
Where all their mightiest deeds were done.

Within that shrine so redly wet,  
One noble arm is struggling yet.  
Beside that altar pile he stands,  
And battles with the hireling bands,  
The minion hosts that round him press,  
In all their bloody eagerness, —  
A noble stag, at well-fought bay, —  
A tiger, plundered of his prey, —  
He piles their mangled bodies high,  
An offering to his Deity.  
He fought beside that altar well,  
And, fighting nobly, nobly fell.

Hark! to the thousand shouts that swell  
Belshazzar's warlike funeral knell!  
As, from the shrine her foes have won,  
Bursts the last shout of Babylon!

## SKETCHES OF MUSIC.\*

## SKETCH I.

“Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

WHERE the proud Alps lift up their cliffs to heaven,  
 Where the wild Rhone is dashing on his waves,  
 A peaceful spot shut out from all the world  
 By mountains, — on whose bold and craggy heights  
 Storm spirits held their loudest revelry,  
 While at their feet moonbeams were sleeping on, —  
 It was a wild, but 't was a peaceful spot ;  
 It was his home : and yet it had been long  
 Since he had gazed upon its loveliness ;  
 War's angry trumpet summoned him away,  
 To fight his country's battles ; he had seen  
 Cities and men of different name and clime,  
 Had braved the angry storms of northern lands,  
 And viewed the splendor of a Persian sunset,  
 Had known earth's pleasures and its honors too,  
 But yet — they were not home ! — Fourscore summers  
 Had left their signet on his hoary head,  
 And now he wished to lay his ashes down,  
 To sleep their longest sleep in that still place.

It was a lovely night : the storm had past,  
 And cliff, and rock, and shrub, and mountain stream,

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\* Written, probably, at sixteen ; and illustrating the influence of music by three incidents familiar to most readers.

Were quiet in the moonlight, — you might dream,  
 It was the eve before Creation waked ;  
 And all was bright, save where those Alpine cliffs  
 Cast their long shadows o'er the brilliant scene.  
 Hush ! hush ! there is a ripple on the waters ;  
 And you may hear far, far away the splash  
 Of the light oar ! — Nearer and nearer yet !  
 And the trim bark is floating calmly down ;  
 And there, before him, the past scenes of youth  
 And infancy were sleeping bright and noiseless ;  
 They were the same, — as purely beautiful  
 To him as ever, — and still loved as much !  
 Was it not heaven to gaze again upon them ?  
 But hark ! the sounds of music o'er that wave !  
 Softer and sweeter they are floating now,  
 Breathing their richness o'er the silent water.

“ True, other climes may be more fair,  
 And fruits and flowers grow lovelier there ;  
 Dearer to me than all the rest,  
 Thou art the land I love the best !

“ Our hearts are warm, — our souls are free,  
 Our bosoms bound full merrily ;  
 Our hearts, our souls, our arms, shall be  
 Devoted still to thine and thee ! ”

And could it be ? — It was indeed the same !  
 He knew it from his boyhood up ; — and once  
 He loved to listen to the thrilling strain,  
 As it rang wild and loud from cave to cave.  
 It was indeed the same ! and that, the home,



Where he had loved so well to hear it sung !  
 He caught the sound, ere it had died away,  
 And chanted one more strain ; it was the one  
 He used to love the best in days gone by.

“ Oh ! let my sleeping ashes lie  
 Beneath thy green sod peacefully,  
 Most loved of all, my native land,  
 My home, my country, Switzerland ! ”

The song was hushed ; the echo came and went,  
 And all was still again. That little bark  
 Floated as smoothly and as calmly on ;  
 But he, who had been guiding it, was sleeping.

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SKETCH II.

“ And I have loved thee, ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy billows, onward ; from a boy  
 I wanted with thy breakers.”

BYRON.

HAIL to thy billows ! I will love thee still !  
 Though danger, death, and tempest rest upon thee,  
 Yet I will love thee still ! There is a pomp,  
 A kingly pride and majesty upon thee ;  
 And, when the angry tempest was abroad,  
 I have felt fain to mingle with thy waves,  
 Amid the angry war of earth and heaven,  
 And be borne on with thy billows !

Proudly those gallant ships are wafted on,  
And bright the streamers that are flaunting high,  
And soft the breeze that sports amid their folds,  
And calm the waters over which they float.  
It was a goodly sight ; and far from foreign lands  
The God of tempests had preserved them hither.  
Far from the bosom of their sunny homes  
They had gone forth in search of lands unknown ;  
And, though the tempest had been sore upon them,  
Through doubt and death and danger they had come,  
And come in peace. It was a Sabbath eve :  
The Sabbath sun was calmly sinking down,  
And his last rays of heavenly brilliancy  
Rested alike on sail and shore and wave ;  
The very winds and waters were as calm  
As when their Maker bid them, "Peace ! be still."  
And there, in the unbroken sleep of ages,  
The object of their hopes and fears and prayers  
Lay in its loveliness. — "*Gracias á Dios !*"  
And ten thousand voices swelled the chorus,  
"*Gracias á Dios !*" and the sound went forth  
In holy majesty upon the waters,  
"*Gracias á Dios !*" and the echo came  
Back from the shore in soft and silvery richness.  
And then a strain of sweetest harmony,  
The sound of flute and harp and trumpet, came,  
And rose and swelled in its unearthly sweetness,  
Till the whole air was changed to harmony :  
And then at last, that strain ! it died away,  
Till far, far off upon the rippled sea,  
Its holy music melted into silence.

## SKETCH III.

“Oh, surely melody from Heaven was sent,  
To cheer the soul when tired with human strife,  
And soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent.”

H. K. WHITE.

THERE is a land of melody and love,  
There is a land of poetry and feeling,  
And, though the soul that once inspired has fled,  
Still it is lovely. 'T is said that beauty  
Doth seem most fair, most beautiful, in death ;\*  
And so, methinks, it is with Italy.

It was a kingly pile of olden time ;  
And he, who gazed upon its moss-grown tower,  
Its Gothic buttresses and battlements,  
Might know full well it was of “days gone by.”  
That night there was a holy festival ;  
And homeless poverty, and titled pomp,  
Were gathered there within those holy walls :  
Crowd after crowd they came, till there they stood  
A vast, a mighty mass of human life,  
In hushed and motionless expectancy.  
And one there was among that multitude,  
A man of princely birth, a man of crime,  
Whose heart was black with many a heinous sin : —  
Ay ! sins of every name and every die  
Were heaped in frightful gathering on his soul.

The sound was soft at first ; and you might dream  
It was an angel's whisper : — once it rose,

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\* See “The Giaour.”

But, like a lamp, it flickered, and went down ;  
And then its sound came back as soft again,  
And wildly swept along that Gothic aisle,  
And swelled through mouldering arch and towering  
dome,

Till every bosom seemed too full to bear it.  
It told how man had sinned, and God forgiven ;  
It told of sorrow and of penitence ;  
It promised pardon to the contrite heart,  
Peace upon earth, and rest at last in heaven ;  
It told of one who left his father's home,  
And journeyed far away to foreign lands,  
How he had sinned, and suffered, — and had said,  
When sickness, want, and sorrow lay upon him,  
“I will arise and go unto my father.”

The strain was hushed : — it paused, — and then  
came back,

Softer, — and louder, — yet more sweet, it came,  
“I will arise and go unto my father.”

And that man of crime ! He looked to heaven,  
In humbled penitence ; and sobbed aloud,  
“I will arise and go unto my father.”

And there, before that shrine, he knelt him down, —  
He wept and prayed, — was heard and was forgiven.

## TO A FRIEND, A YOUNG LADY.

SAY, hast thou seen a summer sky,  
When day's bright beams have gone,  
And left a mellow radiance there,  
Where last their glories shone ?

And hast thou seen this evening sky  
All pictured on the lake,  
Whose sweetly sleeping waters seemed  
A mimic heaven to make ?

That sunset splendor passed away,  
Night-shadows gathered o'er  
The spot where all was loveliness ;  
Its bright hues were no more.

Thus too our joys, our thoughts of bliss,  
Our fond hopes unconfined,  
Will pass away, like twilight scenes,  
And leave no trace behind.

## TO THE SAME.

'T IS sweet to rove, in gladsome hour,  
From scene to scene, — from flower to flower ;  
'T is sweet to cast the raptured eye  
O'er all that smiles so beautifully.

The storm may come, — the tempest lower,  
To blast the glories of each flower ;  
But spring's kind beams, and gentle rain,  
Will give it back its sweet again.

Fair maiden ! youth's wild garlands round  
Thy brow are woven ; may they be found,  
In after times, as green and fair,  
As aught that ever clustered there !

But, should life's storm-clouds meet the brow,  
Where youth and beauty gambol now,  
The tempest in its fury may  
A wreath so lovely tear away.

But Heaven will twine a lovelier there,  
Around thy gently flowing hair ;  
It shall be culled from Paradise,  
And win its fragrance from the skies.

## HUMILITY.\*

I BRING no tale of passion or of war,  
 Of empires wasted or of honor won,  
 Nor yet of genius that ambition fired,  
 Flushed with success and wounded by contempt ;  
 A lowlier strain is sweeter far to me,  
 I sing the praises of Humility.  
 Fairest and brightest of the forms that stoop  
 To tabernacle with the sons of men !  
 Thee, from thy dazzling dwelling-place in heaven,  
 I now invoke ! Oh breathe into my soul  
 A hallowed portion of thy own pure spirit, —  
 So shall thyself best plead thy cause with man,  
 And win what thou deserv'st, — the prize of love !

Humility ! her home is far away,  
 Beyond the cloud-built mountains of the air,  
 Beyond the untravelled regions of the sky,  
 In glory unapproachable to man,  
 Where God's own majesty doth sit enthroned !  
 Is it not strange, that one so meek and lowly,  
 Should choose a home so high, so bright, as this,

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\* Delivered before the Alumni of Washington College, at Hartford, in August, 1833. For purity and depth of sentiment, for vigor of imagination and power of illustration and description, — and written by a youth who had not made poetry his study, — this is a *most remarkable* production. It was the last piece written by our friend ; hastily, and amid the occupation of other duties : and it shows how high was the promise of his maturer years. Yet its intrinsic merits are very uncommon.

Where meet the principalities of heaven,  
 In the vast presence-chamber of the LORD of Hosts?  
 Should find a worthy welcome only there ?  
 Yet angels and archangels, — cherubim  
 And winged seraphim, — all, all have learned  
 The lowly temper of humility.  
 See, where they gathering come, on sweeping wing,  
 Cleaving that atmosphere of silvery light,  
 Each with a golden crown, and harp more sweet  
 Than the soft breathings of the softest lute ;  
 See, where they come, — far, far away, — as far  
 As angel's eye can reach, a countless host  
 Of angel worshippers, each with a song !  
 So is it, too, as far as earth may be  
 Like unto heaven, at close of summer eve,  
 When each fair singing bird returneth home, —  
 Home from its long and weary wanderings ;  
 Each brings the tribute of a sunset song,  
 And the wide grove is rich with melody.

And all are gathered now before the throne !  
 Oh, who can tell what rapture is in heaven,  
 When all its happy millions meet to praise ?  
 Humility, upon her harp of gold,  
 Hath touched the key-note of heaven's harmonies,  
 And, as it steals upon the ravished ear,  
 You scarce can tell, whether it be not rapture  
 Rather than music.  
 Soft as the latest light of parting day,  
 Sweet as the perfume of the desert rose,  
 Melting as is the eloquence of tears.



Earth too has music ; and oft the spirit,  
Weary and heavy laden with its sorrows,  
Doth find a resting-place in melody.  
But, angels' melodies ! the happy soul,  
Amid its gladdest flow of joyous feeling,  
Cannot conceive how passing sweet they are.  
Humility hath touched her harp of gold,  
And, as the sound steals forth on listening silence,  
Each soul grows full of thankfulness and love,  
And each glad heart runs over with emotion,  
Till thoughts seem melted into ecstasy.  
Such are the preludes to heaven's harmonies ;  
None know, but those who ever worship there,  
The unearthly grandeur of that choral song,  
That goeth up around the throne of God :  
Yet there is not a heart, or harp, or voice,  
That 's not attuned to deep humility !

Humility hath her bright home in heaven ;  
And yet she sometimes stoops to visit earth :  
Twice hath she come in all her loveliness ;  
But then she came to those, whose hearts were pure  
As the vermilion folds of sunset clouds,  
Where rests the lingering light of parting day, —  
Pure as the quiet tops of the high mountains,  
Holiest of all on earth, as nearest heaven,  
Where never cometh but the moaning wind,  
Or the white snow, or the unsullied light.

'T is sunset in the bowers of Paradise ;  
And yet the light lingers upon the flowers,  
As if 't were loth to bid the sad good-night.

It is the hour for worship : — oh how sweet !  
And there, upon the brow of a green hill,  
Just on the borders of Euphrates' stream,  
They stand, — the earliest dwellers on the earth,  
As yet the holiest. The deep waters  
Lie in the quiet of a sleeping child,  
While the glad wind comes, like a messenger,  
Bearing the perfume of a thousand flowers,  
With all the sweetness of a thousand songs.  
It is the hour for worship ; — and they kneel,  
Hand clasped in hand, upon the grassy sod.  
Read in that eye the eloquence of love,  
The silent eloquence of thankfulness ;  
And then, the quivering lip ! it moves in prayer,  
And such petitions ! Sweet humility !  
Young Paradise, in all her virgin beauty,  
Was not, methinks, so beautiful as thou !  
'Tis true, her skies were genial and serene ;  
'Tis true, her flowers were delicately fair ;  
'Tis true, her music was all wild and sweet ;  
Yet these were all of earth, and thou of heaven !

Softly, upon the plains of Bethlehem,  
Slept the clear moonbeams ; and it was midnight.  
Upon a knoll, o'erhung with palms, were shepherds,  
Feeding their flocks by night. Ever and anon  
Came on the wind the hum of the far city ;  
For Bethlehem counts her multitudes to-night,  
And David's children have come up to pay  
Their servile tribute to a Gentile king ;  
Yet, at a midnight hour, like this serene,

Bethlehem seems as beautiful, as when  
 The sleeping patriarch saw the angels come  
 And go, from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.  
 But lo ! what sudden brightness ! did the moon  
 Break forth from a black night cloud ? did a meteor  
 Flash out in fitful splendor on the sky ?  
 It is the glory of the LORD ; “ Fear not,”  
 His angel comes with messages of love,  
 “ Thy King is born ; — thy own Messiah King ! ”  
 Hark ! ’tis heaven’s music ! Oh ! look up, and see  
 The thousand thousand forms of its bright worship-  
 pers ;

And mark, upon their waving wings, the light,  
 The softly blending light of earth and heaven ;  
 And listen to that strain, — ’t is meant for thee, —  
 “ Glory to God in heaven ! and peace on earth !  
 Good will to men ! ” The glory hath departed ;  
 The song hath ceased ; and the last trembling echo  
 Hath died away to silence deeper still.

As softly as before on Bethlehem’s plains  
 Sleep the clear moonbeams.

Within a manger, on a couch of straw,  
 Slumbered the infant Jesus ; fit beginning  
 For a long life of weariness and woe !  
 Hast thou a heart, that ’s weary of its pride,  
 And seeks for quiet in humility ?  
 Come, go upon this pilgrimage of sorrow,  
 With one, who was in birth, and life, and death,  
 The fairest pattern of humility ;  
 Come, listen to his converse with the poor ;  
 Come, see him bear the proud and cruel scoff ;

Come, share the alms that charity has given ;  
 Come, watch his slumbers on the cold, cold earth ;  
 Come to the passion of Gethsemane ;  
 Come to the closing grief of Calvary.  
 He came, as doth a lamb unto the slaughter,  
 He opened not his mouth ; behold and see,  
 If there be any sorrow like unto  
 His sorrow ! behold and see, if there be  
 Any humility like unto his  
 Humility !

The sun may lose his brightness, and grow black,  
 Even in mid heaven ; the mother may forget  
 Her infant child, and be a mother still.  
 The human heart may nurse within the chambers,  
 Formed by its God for every kind affection,  
 Envy, and hate, and cold misanthropy,  
 And still remain the heart. Not so with *Virtue* :  
 For she, when parted from Humility,  
 Dieth, as surely as doth fade away  
 The mimic landscape, from the unrippled stream,  
 With the last light of day.

And so, too, is it with *Philosophy*.  
 Humility, that loveth to be taught,  
 Must go and teach this temper to her sister.  
 Yes, it must mingle with the hidden springs  
 Of thought, and hope, and feeling, and intent,  
 Until the lip, and eye, and inmost heart,  
 Speak in sweet unison. So, when she cometh  
 To learn the mysteries of God's great works,

The chastened tones of her inquiring voice  
Will meet a kind response where'er they come.  
To seek for knowledge! Why, it is to seek  
To hold communion with Omnipotence ;  
To gaze on circling worlds of ceaseless light,  
And ask how Infinite Power sustains them there ;  
To challenge the fierce tempest, as it goes  
On its majestic pathway through the sky,  
And learn on what dread errand it is sent ;  
To catch the leaf that floats upon the wind,  
And ask why its great Maker formed it so ;  
To enter the dark places of the mind,  
And mark the embryo forms of thought and will ;  
To gaze within the crater of the passions,  
And see the heaving throe, the fearful gleam,  
And ask those angry elements what ends  
They answer in God's vast and wonderous plan !  
Oh, who will carry forth a heart of pride  
On errand such as this ? Say, as we stand  
Within the sanctuary of creation, —  
God's most magnificent sanctuary, built  
Upon the unseen pillars of his power,  
Stretching away beyond the reach of sight,  
Or winged thought, until the burdened mind  
Is weary with its own imaginings, —  
Who will not feel, that this is holy ground ?  
Who will not feel, that God indeed is great ?  
Who, if he thither come to seek for knowledge,  
Who will not kneel and be a suppliant here ?

There is what men do call Philosophy.  
It goeth forth amid the works of God ;

But mind, and earth, and air, and sky, are still,  
 As if the enchanter's magic wand had passed,  
 And changed them all to cold and voiceless marble.  
 It builds itself a high and kingly throne,  
 And sways a tyrant's sceptre ; Truth is led,  
 Like a poor captive, at its chariot wheels,  
 And suffering Nature mourns through all her works.  
 Ah! this is not Philosophy, but *Pride* !

It seems, my brothers, but as yesterday,  
 Since first our willing steps were hither bent  
 In search of knowledge. Even now we stand  
 Just by her golden gates, and gaze away  
 Into her labyrinths of loveliness.  
 We hear the fearful curse denounced on those,  
 Who promised to direct, but led astray, —  
 The melancholy cry of murdered peace.  
 And yet it almost prompts the tear of joy,  
 To think what deep delight, what usefulness,  
 Are his, who walks upon that magic ground,  
 Yet walks in safety !  
 Who — who will be to us the friend, the guide,  
 That will conduct us to our journey's end ?  
 Oh sweet Humility ! thy lowly temper  
 Shall be to us our Star of Bethlehem,  
 Shall guide our footsteps in our wanderings,  
 And bring us safely to our home at last ;  
 Amid the mazes of bewildered thought  
 Thy heavenly light shall rest upon our path,  
 And, as we humbly bow to ask for guidance,  
 Reveal the hand that kindly points the way !

There is no sin in Nature ;— and the man,  
Whose spirit holds communion with her spirit,  
Will find a sweet and soothing influence steal,  
Like the strange power of music, o'er his heart ;  
His spirit will forget its wonted pride,  
And learn to worship, as it learns to feel.  
But he, who seeks to know Humility  
In all her loveliness, must come and gaze  
Upon her likeness in GOD's holy word ;  
His own unerring hand hath sketched it there,—  
So beautiful, it well may win our love.

It was amid the visions of the night :  
Darkness lay like a mantle on the earth ;  
I dreamed, I stood upon heaven's battlements,  
And lo ! an angel spread his mighty wings,  
And took his flight along the golden wall,  
That girds the courts of everlasting light ;  
And, as he flew, he lifted up his voice,  
And cried, " Humility is dead !"  
A strange convulsion came upon my frame,  
And the cold sweat stood on my throbbing brow ;  
Thrice did he spread his pinions to the wind,  
And thrice I heard that melancholy cry,  
" Humility is dead !"— and then he paused,  
Even in mid heaven, and folded up his wings,  
And bowed his head upon his breast, and died.  
I looked to heaven ; and from its crystal columns  
The banners of rebellion were hung out,  
And on them written, " GOD is King no more !"  
Those harps, that late had breathed such rapturous  
    strains,

Upon the jewelled pavement lay unstrung ;  
Strange sounds of blasphemy broke on the ear,  
And fearful shouts usurped the place of praise.  
I looked to earth, — and as I looked I wept :  
Good men forgot their wonted gentleness,  
And higher swelled the angry cry for blood, —  
The blood of rulers whom they late had loved ;  
Earth seemed an amphitheatre, in which  
Man's vilest passions strove for mastery.  
A moment more ; — a rushing, mighty sound  
Came like the noise of many chariot wheels,  
And heaven and earth were hushed to quietness,  
For both were still in universal death.

My brothers, we have hither come to-day,  
Forth from the turmoil of the busy world, —  
The strife of passion and of interest, —  
Have turned away from sorrow and from care,  
To come to this glad meeting of warm hearts,  
This holy festival of love and joy.  
Unutterable thoughts come o'er the soul,  
With their sweet burden of departed bliss.  
We have scarce learned the rudiments of sorrow,  
And yet these by-gone days seem passing sweet !  
What then, when years shall come, if come they do,  
And the tired spirit find no resting-place  
From its afflictions, save the past, and heaven ?  
Our memories ! — how very kind they are,  
Just like the summer wind, that comes at eve,  
Upon a bed of roses, that has lain  
In its unruffled sweetness all day long,



And folds their gathered fragrance in its arms,  
A welcome tribute to some other land.  
Oh, you remember all! — 't is treasured up,  
In the deep chambers of the inmost breast!  
And, when I touch the chord of college days,  
I wake a thousand hidden harmonies.  
Do not forget them: — they will be to you,  
As are the notes of that strange singing bird,  
That dies in music; — the last seems sweetest!  
Do not forget them: — it would be unkind  
Thus to repay the pleasures they have given.  
Do not forget them: — for our early joys  
And early friends are linked in love together.  
By all the friendship you have once professed, —  
Yes! by this solemn hour, — do not forget.

## A VISION.

IN the night watch my vision came and went :  
 Methought I stood among the gathered crowd,  
 And gazed upon the vivid scene that passed  
 In full review before me, — for 't was bright !  
 The tramping steed in rich caparison,  
 With eye that almost looked contempt for man, —  
 'T was well he should be proud ; for he did bear  
 Greatness, and glory, all that men call such ; —  
 And, as the splendid pomp was passing on,  
 The swelling bugle, and the rolling drum,  
 And trump, that tells the greatness of the great,  
 Sent forth their music on the sportive wind,  
 And brought to memory the glorious past ;  
 The din of war came forth with sound so deep,  
 And the rich battle-field was pictured there !  
 The cavalcade passed on ; and knight, and plume,  
 And glittering arms, and horsemen well attired,  
 Shone in their splendor, as they passed along.

The vision changed : — and music's sweetest notes  
 Came with a silken sound upon my ear ;  
 Beauty was smiling there with angel charms,  
 And shed her radiance o'er the fairy scene ;  
 Bright eyes looked love to eyes that shone as fair  
 As moonbeams stealing through some silvery cloud ;  
 And hearts beat high with fond expectancy  
 Of coming happiness and hours of bliss ; —  
 They thought not, cared not, for the distant future ;

But each glad heart disowned control, and leapt  
Responsive to the sounds that floated there.  
Yes! they were sounds a cherub need not blush  
To own, — so soft, so full, and yet so sweet  
They were! And she was beautiful and bright,  
Who lisped such sounds. I gazed, and turned away,  
Then gazed again on form so more than fair;  
Hope, youth, and innocence shone from an eye,  
That seemed as if 't would never shed a tear,  
Save o'er the grief of others; — they, who looked,  
Seemed to forget the gnawing cares of life,  
And thought of heaven, as they were gazing there,  
She was so beautiful!

## LINES,

WRITTEN ON SAILING UP THE HOUSATONIC, AUGUST, 1832.

HIST ! the wandering winds have found thee,  
O'er the waters as they come ! —  
Light and beauty are around thee ;  
Waft us to our welcome home !

Hours of calm and holy feeling !  
Welcome in a holier day,  
While my heart, your pinions stealing,  
Wings her flight to heaven away !

Hills, that bend in silence o'er me !  
Rippling waters, gemmed with light !  
Flowers, that bloom unknown before me !  
Holy, pensive, quiet night !

Memory will love the hour I met thee !  
And, wherever I may dwell,  
Never shall this heart forget ye !  
Hills and waters ! fare ye well !

## THE DEATH OF MOSES.\*

HE had grown old in serving Israel's God,  
 The favored servant of the LORD of Hosts, —  
 Whose richest love had ever rested on him,  
 More pure, more bright, than the last farewell gleam  
 Of yon departing sun ; — a holy man !  
 From that dread hour, when, first on Horeb's top  
 He gazed upon the bush that burned unhurt,  
 Down to this hour of deep solemnity,  
 He had been still the changeless friend of God,  
 Had held communion with him face to face,  
 Had been commissioned in his mighty name,  
 Had ruled till now, a king in Israel.

Far o'er the sea, in golden majesty,  
 The western sun is sinking to his rest ;  
 And the bright gleamings of his fading glory  
 Are lingering on the hills of Palestine.  
 Far, far away, where Pisgah's mountain tops  
 Are piled in still ascending cliffs to heaven,  
 That sunset light is resting on them still,  
 While Nebo lifts his kingly head above,  
 So that the sinking sun, before he die,  
 May crown it with his richest, brightest blessing.

Faintly, upon his pale and sunken cheek,  
 The noiseless evening wind breathed tremulously ;

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\* Written in 1832. See the last chapters of Deuteronomy for the basis of the poem.

And soft upon his smooth, uncovered brow,  
The mellow evening light is resting now.  
His eye undimmed, — with all its brightness still, —  
Is turned to Heaven in looks of penitence ;  
His folded hands are resting on his breast ;  
His heaving bosom swells with strong emotion,  
With prayers for pardon and eternal rest.  
Peace to thy soul ! thy sin has been forgiven !  
For, o'er that sunken cheek so wan, so pale,  
Hath passed the delicate flush of hope and joy ;  
That tearful eye, so full of penitence,  
Is beaming with a brightness not its own ;  
And on that lip, that trembled with deep sorrow,  
Is resting now a smile as beautiful  
As that which childhood wears in dreams of heaven.  
Oh ye, who tread the dazzling courts of God,  
Or plume your wings amid his holy light !  
Say, whether from the face of worshipper,  
Cherub, or seraph, or archangel bright,  
There ever beams more of the light of heaven,  
Than rests upon the visage of this man !

Slowly, — as from some lonely mountain top,  
The sunlight fades in quiet loveliness, —  
From his calm brow that holy radiance went.  
Before his mind the visions of the past  
Came in the splendor which at first they wore ;  
The glorious workings of Jehovah's power,  
His mighty miracles, his wonderous signs,  
Were wrought again in his imaginings.

He stood upon the shore of the deep sea,  
And stretched his hand above its angry waters,  
And the dark billows parted here and there,  
To make a pathway for the ransomed ones.  
Lo! the proud host of Egypt's prouder king  
Is madly treading the same frightful path!  
"Stretch out thy hand once more above the sea!"  
A moment more; — and the returning deep  
Lets loose the crested billows of its wrath;  
The mighty waters sweep as proudly on,  
As if no thousands lay in death beneath them.\*

He stood upon the mount; — and round its top  
Clouds and thick darkness gathered; now and then  
The dazzling flashes of the angry lightning  
Pierced the thick darkness, and the deep thunder  
Uttered its awful voice. On that dread spot  
He stood, and talked with God. †

He stood in the still cleft of Horeb's mount;  
And the great glory of JEHOVAH's presence  
Passed in its awful majesty before him,  
While the LORD GOD proclaimed his holy name,  
Gracious and merciful, long-suffering,  
The GOD that pardoneth sin, — the GOD of Love. ‡

The famished host of Israel lay around;  
And the chill hand of death rested alike  
On the helmed warrior and his lisping child;  
The frantic mother wildly gazed on it,

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\* Exodus, xiv.

† Exodus, xix. and xx.

‡ Exodus, iii.

And pressed it to her cold, cold breast, and wept,  
While the stern sire lift up his eyes to Heaven,  
And whispered with his latest strength a prayer.  
That prayer is heard: — for lo! the voice of God,  
“Go smite the rock, that they may drink and live!”\*  
He stood and smote the rock, — but disbelieved.  
Oh, name it not! it was a grievous sin;  
It robbed him of his fondest earthly hopes;  
But o’er it hath been shed full many a tear,  
And o’er it hath been breathed full many a prayer,  
And He, who loves so well to pardon sin,  
Hath wiped it from the book of His remembrance.

Softly, upon the beautiful earth beneath,  
Lay the calm glory of an eastern twilight,  
And o’er that hour, which always seems so holy,  
Was shed a most unusual sacredness.  
The sun had sunk behind the distant deep;  
The evening wind was sleeping on its wings;  
And, far away, — as far as eye could reach, —  
The land of promise lay outstretched before him,  
And its ten thousand hills and woods and streams  
Were quiet as when first creation woke.  
A few bright clouds stood forth against the sky,  
Lingering to gaze upon a scene so holy.  
As saints, that in their musings visit heaven,  
Return more full of light and love and joy,  
So this soft light, reflected from the sky,  
Seemed far more beautiful than first it was.  
It lay upon the camp of Israel;

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\* Exodus, xvii.



And, as the gleamings of the burnished arms,  
And the rich hangings of the purple tents,  
With their embroidered standards drooping o'er them,  
Fell on the enraptured eye, you well might dream,  
It was the host, which once on heavenly plains  
Rested, — when Satan and his impious crew,  
Daring to battle with the Omnipotent God,  
Were vanquished by the glittering hosts of heaven.  
“My people, and the people of my God!”  
And the deep fountains of his soul broke forth,  
With all their countless streams of love and joy, —  
“My people, and the people of my God,  
The blessing of the God of Israel,  
The blessing of your fathers' God be with you!”  
The latest sound of that departing blessing  
Hath sunk to silence ; — all is hushed again.  
Upon the peaceful summit of that mount  
He sat him down, and leaned his aged head  
Against the rock, and clasped his withered hands.  
One look towards the tents of Israel ; —  
One earnest, fervent prayer for them and him ; —  
One struggling sigh ; — and Moses was not.

Man hath not reared a princely monument,  
And carved thereon the record of his greatness,  
But God himself, — the High and Holy One, —  
Hath writ within the volume of His truth,  
“He was a servant of the LORD.”\*

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\* Deuteronomy, xxxix. 5, and in other places.

“REMEMBER ME.”\*

“REMEMBER me,” — “remember me ;”

When far in other lands from thee,  
When distant climes our hands shall sever,  
Oh then in love remember me.

Through health and sickness, joy and care,  
My varied path of life must be ;  
But where, or what, it matters not,  
So thou in love remember me.

Then fare thee well whom I have loved ;  
Thy memory still shall cherished be ;  
Return the pledge that I have given,  
And still, oh ! still remember me.

By young affection's earliest gush,  
By all on earth that 's dear to thee,  
By manhood's pride, and death's cold brow,  
“Remember me,” — “remember me.”

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\* Written, probably, at sixteen.

## REMEMBER THEE!

RESPONSORY TO THE FOREGOING PIECE.

REMEMBER thee! that full, o'erhanging brow,  
 With mind expanding, is before us now;  
 The sunken eyes, beneath their long, dark lash,  
 Now dimly muse, or quick with genius flash.

The care-worn, Roman face, the lips compressed,  
 Effort intense and purpose firm attest;  
 And all, in our sad fancy, now we see,  
 And freshly, fondly, still remember thee.

But on the spirit's image more we gaze;  
 Thy burning thought, and love, thy prayers, and  
     praise,  
 Thy strugglings for the heathen o'er the sea, —  
 On these we dwell, and still remember thee.

A sweet exotic flower, too soon exposed,  
 Just when our nurture its young buds disclosed,  
 Amid the changes of this foreign sky,  
 Felt the first frost, — to unfold its leaves, and die.

And, as we sorrowed, when we found it dead,  
 Its rarest beauty on the chill earth spread,  
 So, brother, for thy loss our tears flow free,  
 And, in thy death, we still "remember thee."

T. H. V.

## EPITAPH ON LYDE,

AN ACROSTIC.

LYDE! beneath the green sod sleeping,  
Youth and promise we are weeping!  
Death no more thy lyre is keeping;  
Endless hymns its chords are sweeping!

T. H. V.

## ADDENDA.

“ Vitavi denique culpam,  
“ Non laudem merui.”

HOR. *de Arte Poeticá*, 267, 268.

“Holiness makes the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner of pleasant flowers ; all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed, enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble, on the ground ; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun’s glory ; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture ; diffusing around a sweet fragrancy ; standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about ; all, in like manner, opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun.”

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

## PRELIMINARY NOTE.

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The size of this little volume will readily suggest an apology for the succeeding appendix. The number of leaves, occupied by the Poetical Remains of our departed brother, and by the brief notice of his life and character, being so small, would have been adapted rather to a pamphlet, than a bound book: while it is desirable that these Remains should be brought forward in a form more suitable for their preservation. It was deemed advisable, therefore, to add a few pages; and propriety dictated that these should be of poetry. The following humble verses have been copied, for the occasion, out of a Note Book of the Editor. A friend, who saw some of them, a short time since, and in whose judgment confidence is entertained, was kind enough to intimate, that they would bear publication. They have been written, in leisure hours, at different times, and, as such pieces are usually composed, rapidly, and upon very little premeditation. With an exception in the case of three or four of the shorter pieces, there has been no intention, or remote thought, of their being ever made public; and, in preparing them now for the press, their revision has been cursory and far from complete. The Editor trusts, that, although they may not be entitled to notice upon their own merits, they will be at least tolerated in their present connexion. Better compositions might have been selected from standard authors; but most persons prefer to read, in

a new book, original matter, even if poor, rather than selected matter, however excellent, which may be elsewhere obtained. He must be allowed to say, moreover, that there is, to his mind, a sad pleasure in thus associating himself with the deceased. And he will be pardoned, he is sure, for adding a few buds, however homely may be their genus, to a bouquet otherwise beautiful, yet too small for the vase without them. Leaving this allusion, he would adopt in part the sentiment of Richard Steele, in some lines prefixed to Addison's "Tragedy of Cato."

"Forgive the fond ambition of a friend,  
Who seeks himself, not you, to recommend:  
Soon would that die, which adds thy name to mine;  
Let me then live joined to a work of thine."

But he sincerely deprecates the severity of criticism in this, as in the former, part of the little volume. He knows nothing of poetry as an art; and perhaps he hazards too much upon the kindness of the public. He recollects, indeed, to have seen in a treatise on the Poetic Art,

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo."

And he has the satisfaction of believing, that, in the case of the forbearing, if he does not please by presenting what is agreeable, he may at least instruct, by presenting what is useful. The tendency of the preceding Remains is to recommend and confirm a religious character: the tendency of the following collection, it is hoped, is similar. It may happen, that, from their connexion with the previous portion of the book, these Addenda will obtain more readers than they would without such support; still, in this event, the Editor will be the gainer, while his companion can lose nothing by the contrast. May the book not only gratify curiosity, if indeed it be allowed to elicit any attention, but, also, through the blessing of God, be a mean of holiness to the reader.



TO

THE REVEREND BIRD WILSON, D. D.

AND TO

THE REVEREND SAMUEL H. TURNER, D. D.,

PROFESSORS IN THE GENERAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY  
OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES,

WHO WERE FRIENDS OF THE LAMENTED LYDE;

FOR WHOSE GENEROUS HOSPITALITIES,

AND PATIENT INSTRUCTION,

AND CHRISTIAN COUNSEL,

THE EDITOR ALSO IS VERY LARGELY INDEBTED,

THESE ADDENDA

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A SLIGHT TOKEN

OF THE GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION

OF

T. H. V.

“Thou simple lyre! thy music wild  
Has served to charm the weary hour,

Yet, oh my lyre! the busy crowd  
Will little heed thy simple tones:  
Them mightier minstrels harping loud  
Engross;

No hand, thy diapason o'er,  
Well-skilled, I throw with sweep sublime;  
For me, no academic lore  
Has taught the solemn strain to pour,  
Or build the polished rhyme.”

H. K. WHITE.

## A D D E N D A .

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### OUR LIFE.

“Our days on the earth are as a shadow.”—1 CHRON. xxix. 15.

“All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field.”  
—ISAIAH, xl. 6.

“For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time  
and then vanisheth away.”—ST. JAMES, iv. 14.

OUR Life is but a vapor, for a time  
    Appearing, and then vanishing away ;  
A flower, that soon upstarteth to its prime,  
    Shineth, and withereth, in one short day.  
Our Life is nothing in eternity,  
    An only point in perfect plenitude,  
A dream, compared with all reality,  
    A thought, that flasheth past, and doth elude  
The mind itself, so transient is its light.  
    Life is a moment in time's hurried stay,  
An hour that 's measured, in the ceaseless flight  
    Of years, that have no spring and no decay.  
Yet Life, so fleeting, holds within its span,  
    An endless life of joy or endless woe.  
Oh God of life ! give life to dying man,  
    Give us the living joys that from thy presence flow.

## THE FAREWELL OF REPENTANCE.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING REMARK OF ROWLAND HILL, (LIFE BY SIDNEY.)

“If I may be permitted to drop one tear, as I enter the portals of the city of my God, it will be at taking an eternal leave of that beloved and profitable companion, Repentance.”

“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away.”—REV. XXI. 4.

My fight of faith is fought,\*  
 My course is finished now ;  
 The righteous crown, which Jesus bought,  
 Is waiting for my brow.  
   My toil is done,  
   My triumph won ;  
 The pearled portals flashing bright,†  
 The holy city’s towering height,  
 And God’s grand throne of glorious light,  
 My raptured soul to bliss invite ;  
   My fight is fought !

My life, safe hid, I see,  
 In God, with CHRIST my Head,‡

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\* 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8. “I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith ; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the LORD, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

† Rev. xxi. 21.

‡ Col. iii. 3. “For ye are dead, and your life is hid (kept in perfect security) with CHRIST in GOD.”

My crown, henceforth laid up for me  
 Until that day of dread.

No finite arm

My crown can harm ;

Oh, when that judgment day shall come,  
 The worlds all wrapt in shrouding gloom,  
 While sinners wail their woful doom,  
 My soul shall rest in heaven, my home ;  
 My crown I see !

Once from my Heavenly King  
 I strayed in sin and shame,  
 A weary, worn, and wretched thing,\*  
 Till kind Repentance came.

Through dreary years,

He saw my tears,

And drew me, with love's magic cord, †  
 Back to my gracious King adored ;  
 Oh ! sad indeed the parting word,  
 Save to be ever with the LORD, ‡  
 My Heavenly King !

“ But ah ! beloved friend,  
 Thy memory I will keep ;  
 Thou 'st blessed me to my journey's end,  
 And my sad heart will weep,

\* “ A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,  
 Scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,  
 A gloomy wilderness of dying thought.” — POLLOCK.

† Hosea xi. 6.

‡ 1 Thess. iv. 17.

Repentance dear,  
 One parting tear ;  
 These everlasting portals shine,  
 With radiant beauty all divine ;  
 Yet here, beloved companion mine,  
 This token of my love is thine ;  
 Farewell, my friend !

“ Is it a last farewell ?

Eternal leave I take ?  
 My yearning love this tear will tell,  
 'T is offered for thy sake ;  
 Friend of my heart,  
 Here we must part !  
 I thought that thou from God wert given,\*  
 An angel watch, where guilt has striven,  
 To soothe the anguished spirit riven ;  
 Wilt thou not ever enter heaven ?  
 Sweet friend, farewell ! ”

\* \* \* \* \*

Jerusalem, the Bride,  
 The holy city, shone,  
 In heavenly light's expansive tide,  
 Like precious jasper stone ; †  
 An angel guard  
 Held watch and ward  
 At twelve high gates, twelve pearls in all ; ‡  
 Garnished with precious stones, and tall,

---

\* 2 Tim. ii. 25.

† Rev. xxi. 9 - 11.

‡ Rev. xxi. 12, 21.

On twelve foundations stood the wall,  
 Whose names the twelve Apostles call.\*  
 The holy Bride !

GOD and THE LAMB its light,†  
 Effulgent, clear, serene !  
 Dimmed not by storm nor darksome night,‡  
 That city's crystal sheen !  
 Nor beam nor ray,  
 But boundless day,  
 Diffusive, filled the hallowed air,  
 And filled the crystal waters fair ; §  
 The gates ne'er shut to saint nor prayer, ||  
 Earth's kings and nations ransomed share ¶  
 That living light.

I saw no temple there,  
 No sun, nor moon, nor star ;  
 GOD and THE LAMB its temple were,  
 Their glory gleamed afar ; \*\*  
 And, 'mid the place,  
 Their throne of grace, ††  
 Ineffable, majestic, grand,  
 Whence flowed adown, o'er diamond sand, ‡‡  
 The stream of life ; on either hand  
 The tree of life embowered the land ; §§  
 The saved walked there ! |||

---

\* Rev. xxi. 14. † Rev. xxi. 23. ‡ Rev. xxi. 25. § Rev. xxii. 1.  
 || Rev. xxi. 25. ¶ Rev. xxi. 24. \*\* Rev. xxi. 22, 23.  
 †† Rev. xxii. 3. "The throne of the heavenly grace." — Common Prayer.  
 Heb. iv. 16.

‡‡ Rev. xxii. 1.

§§ Rev. xxii. 2.

||| Rev. xxi. 24.

The city of my God!  
 The new Jerusalem!\*  
 Along its golden street I trod, †  
 And wore my diadem,  
     With jewelled lyre  
     And white attire;  
 And near me walked a holy one;  
 Gems sparkled from his virgin zone; ‡  
 He led me to the ancient throne,  
 And taught my praise with seraph tone,  
     Glory to God!

“Far from these scenes must thou,  
 My friend, for ever stay?  
 Here by this dazzling throne I bow,  
 And thou art far away!  
     Without yon gates  
     Repentance waits!  
 Thou didst reprove me when I strayed,  
 And warned me trembling and afraid,  
 And, kneeling by me when I prayed,  
 Taught me my precious ransom paid!  
     Oh, where art thou?”

Then, well-remembered, smiled,  
 And spake that seraph guide,  
 “God sent Repentance to his child,  
 Love’s voice is by thy side;  
     That garb of woe,  
     Which mourners know, §

---

\* Rev. xxi. 2.    † Rev. xxi. 21.    ‡ Rev. xv. 6.    § Job xlii. 6.



Did angels at yon gates remove,\*  
And gave these robes with gems inwove ;—  
Thy friend below still lives with thee above,  
Repentance on the earth in heaven is Love,  
Thy seraph guide.”

O sinner ! now repent,  
Turn from thy hateful sin ;—  
Woe, woe will smite the impenitent :  
This very day begin ;—  
    Probation wastes,  
    The judgment hastes ;  
If thou wouldst know Love’s rapturous power,  
Give God thy heart, Love’s choicest dower ;—  
If thou wouldst smile in death’s dim hour,  
Or when dread glooms of judgment lower,  
Sinner, repent !

---

\* Rev. xxi. 27.

## THE WIDOW.

“Plead for the widow.” — ISAIAH, i. 17.

I VENERATE the widow, when her head  
 Is white with years and sorrow for the dead ;  
 Her GOD has called himself the widow’s friend,\*  
 Her GOD is mine, — before his throne I bend.  
 The widow ! holy name ! one loved of GOD,  
 Loved most when most she weeps beneath his rod !  
 The widow ! JESUS loved her, raised her son ;  
 The same was erst by old Elijah done.  
 The widow ! holiest name ! her name, who bare  
 “ The word made flesh,” and gave GOD’s child her  
     care ! †  
 Close by his cross, the virgin-mother stood,  
 Whence streamed her Son and Saviour’s precious  
     blood ;  
 He felt the world’s sin press his burdened head, ‡  
 Yet saw the tears the aged widow shed :  
 “ Woman, behold thy son,” his mother heard ;  
 “ Behold thy mother,” was his parting word ;  
 From that hour that disciple bade her come,  
 And dwell with him, her son, in his own home. §

---

\* Exod. xxii. 22. Deut. x. 18.

† St. John’s Gospel, i. 14. Acts iv. 27. ‡ Levit. xvi. 21. 2 Cor. v. 21.

§ St. John’s Gospel, xix. 25–27. “ Now there stood by the cross of JESUS, his mother, and his mother’s sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When JESUS, therefore, saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold

O LORD ! I love the widow for thy sake !  
 To thine own love my widowed mother take !

---

## SONNET.

NIGHT'S stillness hangs around ; above,  
 The moon and starry multitude,  
 Sparkling on mountain, wave, and wood,  
 In paths of brilliant beauty move,  
 Emblems of peace and purity,  
 Far o'er the wild, polluted sea  
 Of mortal sin and misery : —  
 In this calm hour I humbly send  
 My anxious thoughts to search the still  
 And hidden workings of my will ;  
 Before GOD'S piercing eye I bend,  
 To note my secret sins ; and try  
 My faith in Him, who left his high  
 And holy heaven for me to die.

---

thy son ! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother ! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home."

## THE UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

“The very hairs of your head are all numbered.” — ST. MATT. x. 30.

“Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that, in heaven, their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.” — MATT. xviii. 10.

“Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?” — HEB. i. 14.

“He is able to succour them that are tempted.” — HEB. ii. 18.

“We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.” — HEB. xii. 1.

## PART I.

I SLEPT by the sound of streams,  
I drank of the dew of dreams.

Far, on the stretching sand,  
Before a wood,  
That decked a little ocean isle,  
From all the world full many a mile,  
Methought I stood,  
Beside that distant strand.

This shining sea!  
Its waves agree  
To mock at me,  
They play so free,  
Then flashing flee  
To hide their glee.

I envy thee,  
Thou shining sea!

Who, who would rear his narrow cot,  
Above some still and lonely spot,  
With none to bless his life,  
Or whom his life may bless,  
With brooding misery rife,  
Where words of those he loves may never reach his  
ear,  
Where human sympathies his heart may never cheer?

No more, no more  
Shall I pass o'er  
These waves, that pour  
Their billowy store  
Along the shore.  
I hear the roar  
Of surges hoar,  
"No more, no more."

Who, who would choose his woful lot  
Within some dark and dismal grot,  
Cast off from all his kind,  
A cold and passionless  
And solitary mind,  
Unfeeling, selfish, stern, without hope, without fear,  
A stranger from his race, a man without a tear?

Alone, alone,  
Wide waters bind  
Me in their zone;

In mournful tone  
Low wails the wind,  
“ Alone, alone.”

---

## PART II.

MIDNIGHT had come in sable storm and gloom ;  
Moveless I stood spell-bound in that drear doom.

I looked upon the lonely flood,  
So vastly spread,  
I looked upon the lonely wood,  
So darkly dread,  
With throbbing heart and burning eye,  
And felt the sharp distress,  
The pang and sickening agony,  
Of utter loneliness.  
I gazed ; and now a sound,  
A solemn, slow, unearthly air,  
Arose, and shed around  
Its strain of heavenly music there.

Oh Music ! power mysterious !  
Whence are thy measures moving thus ?  
Streams from the spirit-sea of heaven ;  
Winds from its spirit-breezes driven ;  
Now flowing in their course so mildly ;  
Now blowing in their force so wildly ?

That heavenly strain !  
While lightnings sweep  
The lurid sky,  
And thunders leap  
From steep to steep,  
Where tempests heap  
The waves on high,  
It casts its chain  
Upon the main : —  
The *waters* sleep.

Oh Music ! thou, with soothing balm,  
The bursting, aching heart canst calm ;  
Thy power the wildest grief can spell,  
As drops of oil wild waters quell ;  
And fiercest passions of the soul  
Are subject to thy mild control.

That heavenly strain !  
Their silent sleep  
The waters keep.  
And from the deep  
Now softly creep  
Those sounds again, —  
As summer rain,  
In sportive vein,  
Steals o'er the plain,  
When the gay swain  
Will harvests reap  
Of golden grain ;  
The *isle-woods* weep,  
They sigh, they sleep.

Oh Music ! from life's cup of pain  
 Its dregs of misery thou canst drain ;  
 Thine influence, sacred and sublime,  
 Sheds heaven's own peace through anxious time ;  
 Thrice wretched they, who may not know  
 Thy joyous rest, thy blissful glow !

That heavenly strain !  
 It binds the isle,  
 It binds the sea,  
 To slumber lain,  
 In one sweet smile,  
 With its strong wile  
 Of harmony.

Oh Music ! thy own home is far —  
 On high beyond the farthest star ;  
 Where heaven's grand temple rears its dome,  
 Thou hast in crystal courts thy home ;  
 Where none but angel hosts have trod,  
 Thou tun'st their harps to worship God !

That heavenly strain !  
 It seemed to fill  
 The wind so bland,  
 The wave so still,  
 The woody land ; —  
 As if some unseen band,  
 Along their numerous train  
 Of countless lyres,  
 Had swept, with seraph hand,



From golden wires,  
 Their chords of richest melody,  
 Round all the blue depths of the bending sky.

Oh Music ! by the holiest shrine  
 Thou serv'st, where GODHEAD's glories shine !  
 Yet, sometimes, straying symphonies,  
 Faint echoes from the upper skies,  
 A stragglng note, a broken trill,  
 We catch, and feel the unwonted thrill.

That heavenly strain ! that heavenly strain !  
 It passed upon my heated brain,  
 Like some cool breeze of summer, blown  
 From beds where perfume-flowers are strown,  
 So blissful swelled its angel tone ;  
 And strange and holy joys flowed fast,  
     And freshening thoughts with sudden start,  
 Like springing memories of the past,  
     From secret fountains of the heart.

Oh Music ! mortals may not bear  
 The sounds which holy spirits hear ;  
 To this low world they may not bring  
 The choral psalm they ever sing : —  
 Yet earthly music is from heaven,  
 A type of love to mortals given.

---

Ceased the unearthly air ; —  
 And then a low and liquid voice,

Like that of gentle woman, brake,  
Like woman's voice in prayer,  
Upon the stillness there ;  
    And these the precious words it spake,  
"Mortal, no more alone, rejoice,  
Friends bid thee not despair."

And then a sudden radiance rose,  
    And spread around its dazzling charm,  
    And splendor tinged the height,  
    And poured upon my heart its warm  
    And thrilling beams of light, —  
More brilliant than the brilliant close  
    Of some long sunny summer day,  
    Yet softer than its last soft ray.

And then there came a blessed form,  
    Forth to my ravished sight,  
    Of high, immortal grace and mien, —  
    Like that by woman's beauty worn  
    In her first pride of life and love,  
    Or that by sainted woman borne  
    In fadeless purity above, —  
    Amid the wonder of the scene,  
    From out that radiance bright,  
And smiled ; — as sunrise on the storm  
    Steeps the black clouds with glorious dyes,  
    It turned my woes to ecstasies ; —  
And on her murmuring harp-strings rang  
    Low tender notes and clear,  
    And to my raptured ear  
Celestial comfort sweetly sang.

“ Alone ! oh no ! thou ’rt not alone ;  
The chain, that passes from God’s throne,  
Through the broad universe extends,  
And his entire creation blends,  
And binds in one great commonweal  
Of minds that think and hearts that feel.  
Held by the unbroken sympathy,  
None to himself may live, none die ;  
Thy sorrows other bosoms shake,  
Thy joys responsive joys awake.  
Oh no ! thou ’rt not alone, for now  
What hosts of mercy round thee bow !  
All ministering spirits they,  
For ever waiting to obey,  
Sent from thy Father’s home of day,  
Thy hopes to raise, thy faith to stay ! ”

Her harp the angel hushed,  
    And hushed her song ; —  
    And once again,  
From unseen fingers rushed  
    Distinct and long,  
    That heavenly strain,  
Then breathed itself upon the breeze away.

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PART III. •

I slept by the sound of streams,  
I drank of the dew of dreams ;

But the streams are dead,  
And my dreams are fled ;  
Then listen, bright girl, I 'll teach thy youth  
A simple lesson of sober truth.

The leaf, which autumn blasts have torn  
So roughly from the tree,  
Will wither, and will die, forlorn,  
In need of sympathy.

The rose, when broken from the vine,  
Without its fragrant bowers,  
Will sicken, droop, and dying pine  
For its loved sister-flowers.

The brook, that carols blithe and free,  
And dances on its course,  
Will fail and sink upon the lea,  
If parted from its source.

The bird, that warbles all his age,  
From early morn till late,  
Will moan and perish in the cage,  
Far from his chosen mate.

So hearts, which woe may rudely wring  
From hearts for which they sigh,  
Where all their fond affections cling,  
Will break, and bleed, and die.

God's creatures live to sympathize,  
One social tide bears all ;

With every joy that tide will rise,  
With every sorrow fall.

And thou, dear child, just stepping in the road,  
Which all must tread, urged on by time's keen goad,  
Thou too mayst suffer the intense desire,  
Which, unappeased, will scorch the soul like fire,  
The yearning spirit's want, which strives to find,  
Where to repose, some sympathizing mind.  
By nature's deathless law, thou too mayst know,  
How bitter are the lonely tears, which flow,  
When the heart stricken looks for some to lend  
Its kindly love, but seeks in vain a friend.  
All hearts were made to each reciprocal,  
All give their love, each needs the love of all :  
The things which most we need, we value best,  
And man, so weak, needs most a place of rest,  
And counts his brother's love of chiefest worth,  
Because in this he rests alone on earth ;  
Thus sympathy surrounds and ties all hearts,  
And highest happiness to each imparts.  
Then think, my friend, if death thy home shall smite,  
Or sickness seize thee, or disaster blight,  
That souls, which love thee here, shall still attend,  
And ministering spirits GOD will send,  
To soothe life's anxious journey to its end,  
And o'er thy dying pillow smiling bend.

Rest in the SON OF GOD,  
High sympathy's exhaustless fount ;<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Heb. ii. 9—18. Heb. iv. 1, 9.

He 'll shield thee in affliction's storm ;<sup>2</sup>  
 And thou shalt wear an angel's form,<sup>3</sup>  
     And stand on heavenly Zion's mount,<sup>4</sup>  
         With jewelled sandals shod,<sup>5</sup>  
 Clothed with white robes, and wave thy palm,<sup>6</sup>  
 And celebrate the holy arm,<sup>7</sup>  
     By which thy victory 's won,<sup>8</sup>  
     And dwell for ever in GOD's sight,<sup>9</sup>  
 And sound thy golden harp, with harpers harping  
     loud,<sup>10</sup>  
 In new Jerusalem, where floats no darkening cloud,<sup>11</sup>  
     Where shines no moon nor sun,<sup>12</sup>  
     And where shall never more be night,<sup>13</sup>  
 And where the ALMIGHTY's glory and THE LAMB are  
     its eternal light !<sup>14</sup>

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#### APOSTROPHE TO MUSIC.

OH MUSIC ! thou, with constant zeal,  
 Our friend in woe, our friend in weal ;  
 Our guest sent down from heaven to cheer  
 This lonely earth so chill and drear ;  
 Thanks for the spirit of thine hour !  
 I love thine all-controlling power !

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<sup>2</sup> Isaiah xli. 10. xliii. 1, 2. Heb. xiii. 5, 6. <sup>3</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 42 — 44, 49, 53.  
<sup>4</sup> Rev. xiv. 1. <sup>5</sup> Isaiah lxi. 10. <sup>6</sup> Rev. vii. 9. <sup>7</sup> Luke i. 51. <sup>8</sup> Psalm xcvi. 1.  
<sup>9</sup> Rev. xiv. 5. xxii. 4. <sup>10</sup> Rev. xiv. 2, 3. <sup>11</sup> Rev. xxi. 2,  
 10, 11. <sup>12</sup> Rev. xxi. 23. <sup>13</sup> Rev. xxii. 5. <sup>14</sup> Rev. xxi. 23.

## MUSIC.

“All thy works shall praise thee, oh LORD,  
And thy saints shall bless thee.”

Ps. cxlv. 10.

THERE 's music in the sullen roar  
Of wild waves dashing on the shore ;  
There 's music in the peaceful sleep  
Of ocean's waters calm and deep.

There's music in the angry cry  
Of tempests struggling through the sky ;  
There 's music in the plaintive wail  
Of spirits on the summer gale.

There 's music in the flashings fast  
Of lightnings battling on the blast ;  
There 's music in the fearful rest  
Of thunders on the mountain's crest.

There 's music in the mingled light  
Of bursting meteors blazing bright ;  
There's music in the lofty lay  
Of worlds that hold their ceaseless way.

There 's music in the song of love  
Of young birds warbling in the grove ;  
There 's music in the holy care  
Of guardian angels pure and fair.

In music each created thing  
The honors of its God doth sing ;  
The courts of heaven with music ring,  
“ All glory to the Eternal King ! ”

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## A SENTIMENTAL SONNET.

No HOME ! no home ! Would I might weep !  
But loneliness refuses tears,  
It burns upon the brain and sears : —  
Now untold sorrows saddening steep  
My soul ; — heavy and fast they come !  
Oh that I had a friend, — one friend, —  
On whom to rest, — and who would tend,  
Within his heart, my friendship's home,  
The gift of friendship safe, — and keep,  
With pure and pious care, the love,  
Which I would give, — and, with a deep  
And sacred sympathy, approve  
The struggling thoughts my heart would lend !  
No home ! Oh that I had a friend !



## THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM'S PASS-WORD.\*

"For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers."  
—1 CHRON. xxix. 15.

"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God." — HEB. iv. 9.

"These all confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth. They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly." — HEB. xi. 13, 16.

"For here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." — HEB. xiii. 14.

"Seek ye the LORD, while he may be found; call ye upon him, while he is near." — ISA. lv. 6.

A CHRISTIAN pilgrim held his lonely way,  
His cheeks were thin and pale, his locks were gray;  
Along the busy world he moved unknown,  
Amid the hurrying crowd he moved alone,  
And none, of all that gay and careless throng,  
Marked the poor pilgrim as he went along.  
With lingering step he walked, and thoughtful seemed,  
And melting pity from his clear eye beamed,  
And ever and anon the old man meek  
Would pause with solemn air, as if to speak,  
And point with outstretched arm towards the sky,  
And talk of God — the soul — eternity, —  
Strange jargon-speech, and stranger dogmas these, —  
While onward cheered those multitudes at ease,  
Or, if they gazed a moment, turned away,  
Nor cared they what the old man sought to say;

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\* Lines addressed to a young friend. Their simplicity and irregular measure will be pardoned, as appropriate to their occasion.

Till, from a merry-hearted group that passed,  
 A gentle girl, of all the group the last,  
 To where the pilgrim bent his steps, drew near,  
 And marked his noble brow and eye so clear, —  
 The outward emblems, to the senses brought,  
 Of pure emotion and of lofty thought, —  
 And pitied him so dignified and mild,  
 And on the way-worn traveller kindly smiled.  
 Thus always, when he met that pageant gay,  
 The same sweet smile would bless him, day by day.  
 Such love unwonted touched the old man's heart,  
 While still he lingered near them, loth to part ;  
 And often, when he watched that child so fair,  
 He offered up his silent, anxious prayer,  
 That God would lead her to the Saviour's fold,  
 And save her with his chosen ones enrolled ;  
 And sometimes he would murmur, musingly,  
 This burden of his strange soliloquy.

“Sorrow intense,  
     With pleasure blending,  
 A mystic sense,  
     Is ever bending,  
 With magic power,  
     Upon its flight,  
 The passing hour,  
     Like maiden tending,  
 Within her bower,  
 Some feeble flower,  
     Or vine-stem slight.

Why should such sadness creep  
 E'en through my dreamy sleep?  
 Why should such gladness light  
 My visions of the night?  
 Sadness and gladness twine  
 Around that form of thine;  
 And grief and joy combine  
 Within this heart of mine."

He thought of worldly hopes long perished all,  
 Of loved ones mouldered 'neath the mouldered pall,  
 Of cherished beauty buried, friendships fled,  
 Once all his own, now gathered with the dead;  
 Heart-hallowed thoughts, reviving fresh and fast,  
 Pleasant and mournful memories of the past,\*  
 And thus, in answer to himself, unheard,  
 Pursued his earnest, meditative word.

"Thou canst not tell, gay child;  
 Thy spirit mild  
 Knows not the wild  
 And wayward workings of the heart,  
 When quickly called to part  
 With those whose love,  
 To scenes above,  
 Life's weary way beguiled;  
 Round thee the Syren world hath smiled;  
 Thou hast not felt the smart,

---

\* Ossian.

The dreadful start,  
The sudden dart,  
Of piercing anguish rudely driven,  
When hopes are rent, and hearts are riven !”

Nor were his thoughts alone of these, the lost ;  
He would not call them back, to have them tossed  
Upon the surge and 'mid the woes of time ;  
They rested evermore in heaven's soft clime.  
He thought of her, the living, tempted now,  
And feared, lest sin should write upon her brow  
Its lines of guilt and wretchedness and want.  
He longed, he hoped, that her young heart might  
pant

For bliss immortal in the Holy Land,  
For life and blessedness at God's right hand,  
And constantly occasion sacred sought  
To teach her heart the wisdom JESUS taught ;  
Till, taking license from her smiling face,  
He thus accosted her with courteous grace.

“ Now, gentle girl,  
I gladly greet thee,  
While in this weary world I roam ;  
Thou gentle girl,  
I sadly meet thee,  
Still stranger from my distant home.”

“ I thank thee, father, for thy greeting kind,”  
The gentle girl replied, with mien refined.

“But why sojournest thou a stranger here ?  
 Hast thou no friend to bid thee to his cheer ?  
 What leads thee, father, in our land to roam,  
 Away from home ? Where is thy distant home ? ”

“My home !” the pilgrim said, “I have no home  
 on earth ; —

Nor would I rest me here, — earth cannot rest the  
 soul.

Long since, an orphan boy, I left the happy hearth,  
 Where, 'mid parental cares, my childhood smoothly  
 stole ; —

Then joyed and mourned, where smiled my manhood's  
 hours, and died.

My home ! God grant me grace to gain the pil-  
 grim's goal,

That 's fixed in holy heaven. I have no home beside.

The few and fleeting joys are gone, which earth  
 can dole.

My home ! ‘a rest remains’ for those whom God hath  
 tried.

My home is in the dwelling of ‘the SPIRIT and the  
 Bride.’ ”

“But, father,” asked the reverent girl again,

“Why does my laughing presence give thee pain ?

Thou scannest sorrows in my coming years ;

Father, my heart grows weak with trembling fears.

Hast thou the secrets of futurity ? ”

‘I sadly meet thee,’ was thy speech to me.”

The old man's earnest hope was now fulfilled,  
 And he might teach the Gospel truths he willed ;  
 To point her to the CHRIST no longer he deferred,  
 And thus he spake the Christian pilgrim's passing-word.

“ I sadly meet thee, gentle girl !  
 And why? Thus strangely too I always meet,  
 So sad, the young and fairest ones, whose sweet  
     And soft tones sing, through lips of pearl,  
 My blessed welcome. Yet I gladly greet  
     Their joyous presence and their smile so bright,  
 Till testy Time, who tarries not, too fleet,  
     Speeds my dull step, and drives me from their sight.  
 Thee thus I meet : how richly curl  
 Those raven ringlets on the ivory brow, —  
 The dimpled, blushing cheeks, — the neck of snow !  
 But soon will fade and fall this sprightly show.”

He paused, — his mind a moment absent strayed,  
 To abstract thought, from his address, betrayed.

“ On this new blossom comes the mortal blight ?  
 Shall death, with iron hand, this beauty smite ?  
 Within its winding folds, so long and white,  
     Shall the starched shroud this beauty furl ?  
 But not for aye : — a morn, with heavenly might,  
 Will break in glory on the grave's long night,  
 And shed o'er beauty its celestial light.  
 I love to gaze upon that lucid glow  
 Of life and loveliness, though secret flow  
 The tears of sadness sometimes, still and slow.”

His heart with strengthening interest imbued,  
 With feeling tone and grave impressive mood,  
 The passing-word the old man now renewed,  
 And thus his serious counsel straight pursued.

“ I sadly meet thee, gentle girl !  
 For old Experience murmurs in my ear,  
 From the ‘ deep past ’ his whisper-words I hear.  
 ‘ Long while I watched the wanton whirl,  
 Where wastes this wicked world its priceless wealth  
 Of soul and precious thought, till my heart’s health  
 Departed, and the idle twirl  
 Of vanities made dizzy all my brain :  
 I saw that men immortal strove to train  
 Their immortality to time in vain ;  
 And deathless spirits sought to hurl  
 Their costly gifts of God in death’s dark wave,  
 And quench the spark of heaven within the grave.’

“ And I have feared, lest the vile  
 And haggard Earth should lay her cold  
 And withered hand, in murders bold,  
 Upon thy soul, its beauty to defile.  
 I tremble, lest her touch embase  
 . Thy spirit, stainless now and pure,  
 If not from human guilt, from guile,  
 And leave upon its clear, white face  
 The dull, dark stain of dust, and lure  
 Thy heart from holiness to run the race  
 For mockeries where God sheds not his grace.  
 I shudder, lest the Earth shall press her cruel claim,  
 For, though so spotless now, thou art of mortal name ;

And purest incense throws its flame  
 From bloodiest shrines ; and saddest shame  
     Wails in the wild harp's softest sound ;  
     And greenest, freshest leaves surround  
     The place where gloomy graves are found.  
 As loveliest buds are culled to deck the tomb,  
 So for the purest hearts Earth seeks her heaviest doom.  
 Thus am I sad : — but He, who gave thee life,  
 Arms thee to brave the temptress in successful strife ;  
 Earth plots thy ruin, for this she spreads her toils,  
 But God, for those who love him, Earth's temptation  
     foils ;  
 JESUS was sinless in a world of sin,  
 Now low before his throne bend burning seraphin ;  
 Like Him, reject its guilt, and dare its gloom,  
 Thy fadeless victor-wreath and crown in blissful heav-  
     en shall bloom."

"Father," the child replied, "I too seek heaven,  
 I wish the victor-wreath to Christians given ;  
 Point me their path, who for that crown have striven."

Her firm resolve well-pleased he heard her tell,  
 To sojourn on the earth, in heaven to dwell,  
 Then happy bade the Christian child farewell.

"Now, gentle girl !  
     Why sadly meet thee ?  
 Soon to our Father's house we 'll come ;  
     Thou gentle girl,  
     I gladly greet thee,



Soon we shall reach our distant home.

Our Saviour leads the way,

And we must pray,

And never stay,

Until we see the golden dome,

Which shines in endless day,

And join the lay,

Which angels pay,

No more from heaven to stray,

Nor in this weary world to roam.

Seek, then, thy Saviour, while he may be found,

Let thy young heart in his pure love abound ;

He 'll save thee from the grasp of sin, and earth's  
death-whirl,

And God will give thee grace and glory, gentle girl."

## SONNET.

MY weary spirit, looking hence  
Up to the empyrean of the blest,  
God's heaven of sinless, holy rest,  
Abjures the vanities of sense ;  
I'll fight the fight of faith, and wake,  
Revived, by thine omnipotence,  
Oh CHRIST, my strength and confidence,  
From death, the crown of life to take ;  
To glorious company of saint  
And angel I press on, nor faint,  
To taste the joys time cannot taint ;  
And "glorying only in thy cross,"  
For thee the fiend's temptations toss  
Aside, and "count all things but loss."

## THE WIDOW'S SON.\*

“Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow: and much people of the city was with her. And when the LORD saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, weep not.”—*ST. LUKE*, vii. 12, 13.

THE mother looked in vain  
 For every coming morrow;  
 Her son had sailed from far New-Spain;  
 She knew not yet her sorrow.

Long days, that lingered on,  
 To many weeks amounted.  
 No tidings from her only son!  
 The passing hours she counted.

Perhaps he pined away,  
 On desert head-land stranded;  
 Perhaps beneath the waves he lay,  
 With coral sea-shroud banded.

Sure, 't is but vain to strive,  
 When fears within are centred.  
 But now good news! her hopes revive;  
 The tardy ship has entered.

Quick is the news-list read;  
 No Thomas there is noted.\*

---

\* Lines suggested by the death of Thomas I——m, the only child of his widowed mother, on his passage from Mexico to New York.

Alas ! alas ! he must be dead,  
On whom that widow doted !

The black-sealed letter soon  
The dreadful truth attested ;  
He died in young life's brightest noon,  
In ocean's caves he rested.

One joy all griefs permit,  
One comfort still remaining ;  
His clothes, which once he wore, she 'll sit  
And tend, while life is waning.

Oh mournful, mournful tale !  
That widow's bitter anguish !  
Words die unheard, our thoughts all fail,  
Long will that lone heart languish !

He was her darling child ;  
She never nursed another :—  
His heart so soft ! his voice so mild !  
He dearly loved his mother !

Now tell me, ye that feel  
This widow's lonely sadness,  
Can earth her wounded spirit heal ?  
Earth can yield nought but madness.

Poor mother ! pray to GOD,  
Go to thy SAVIOUR often ;  
This woful world thy SAVIOUR trod,  
Thy sorrows HE will soften.

## THE MANIAC MAID.

“Trust in the LORD with all thy heart ; and lean not to thine own understanding.” PROV. iii. 5.

“My son, despise not the chastening of the LORD ; neither be weary of his correction.” — PROV. iii. 11.

A MANIAC maiden sought the strand : —  
 Her lover had left for a foreign land ;  
 His country’s high call had challenged her claim,  
 And he went to fight for his country’s fame.  
 But woe to his hopes ! and woe to his pride !  
 He fell where gallant foemen died.

The storm was out ; — the sea dashed high ; —  
 The blackened tempest drove along the sky ;  
 But she tarried not for the sea-bird’s scream,  
 And she hurried on by the lightning’s gleam ;  
 And she thought of her lover’s bloody grave,  
 And plunged her in the foaming wave.

The storm was hushed ; — the morn was clear ; —  
 But the maid was gone from her parents’ cheer :  
 They searched on the hill, they sought on the shore,  
 But the maid was lost ; — they saw her no more ;  
 They heard not her grief, they knew not her wrong ;  
 For the wild winds howled her requiem song.

## DIES IRÆ.\*

DIES iræ, dies illa  
 Solvet sæclum in favillâ,  
 Teste David cum Sibyllâ. †

---

\* "A Latin hymn describing the final judgment of the world. It is ascribed to Thomas de Cælano, a Minorite, who lived in the thirteenth century. It is a beautiful poem, belonging to those early Christian songs, which combine the smoothness of rhyme with the gravity of Latin verse. This powerful poem makes a part of the Requiem (the Mass for the souls of the dead); and it is one of the highest and most difficult tasks for the composer to compose music adapted to the awful solemnity of the subject." AMERICAN ENCYCLOPEDIA.

We have adjoined to the hymn a literal translation of it. It is to be observed that no translation from a dead into a vernacular language can equal the original, since, in the vernacular, every word presents at once a single and definite meaning, while in the reading of a dead language imagination is allowed more liberty; and, besides, the words of a dead language are free from those detractive associations of *commonness* or *familiarity*, which appertain to many of even those words in a vernacular, which are employed in poetical composition. The Latin language, moreover, from its etymology, is altogether superior to our own, in its facilities for the composition of solemn and stately rhythm.

† There is doubt whether this line was in the original poem; but, being ancient, and long in use, it is retained by the Roman Catholic Church in the hymn as used in the Mass for the dead. It is difficult to determine what is the exact meaning of the line. By "David" may be intended JESUS CHRIST, and the phrase "cum Sibyllâ" may imply only the absolute certainty of his testimony. Instances of a similar sense of these terms may be found. If by "David" a reference is made to the Psalms, the passage is probably Psalm cii. 25, 26; and by "the Sibyl" would be understood some passage well known at the time, when this hymn was composed, in one of the Sibylline books so numerous in the early periods of Christianity. But the interpretation, which has seemed most plausible and satisfactory, is, that the word "Sibyl" is used

## THE DAY OF WRATH.\*

THE day of wrath, that unknown day, †  
 Will worlds in ashes melt away ;  
 So David and the Sibyl say.

---

generically or abstractly, as meaning the Sibyls,— all those books among the heathen or gentile nations, which were supposed to convey a true knowledge of futurity ; and that the term “ David ” is used in a similar sense, as the whole Christian or Divine Revelation. So that the meaning will be,—All true prophetic records, in the Church and among pagans, testify unanimously, that this world will be destroyed, and man be judged. In this sense the line conveys a mighty argument, and brings “ the day of wrath ” before our notice as a subject of serious truth and most solemn interest.

## \* “ HYMN TO THE DEAD.

“ THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,  
 What power shall be the sinner’s stay ?  
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?

When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
 The flaming heavens together roll ;  
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,  
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead !

Oh ! on that day, that wrathful day,  
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,  
 Be THOU the trembling sinner’s stay,  
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away ! ”

LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. CANTO vi.

† St. Matt. xxiv. 36. “ But of *that day* and hour *knoweth no man*, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.”

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
 Quando Judex est venturus,  
 Cuncta stricte discussurus ! \*

Tuba, mirum spargens sonum  
 Per sepulchra regionum,  
 Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,  
 Cum resurget creatura,  
 Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur, †  
 In quo totum continetur  
 Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,  
 Quidquid latet apparebit,  
 Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?  
 Quem patronum rogaturus,  
 Cum vix justus sit securus ? ‡

\* Heb. xii. 12. "Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven." Hag. ii. 6.

† "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books. — Rev. xx. 12.

‡ 1 Pet. iv. 18. "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?"



How will the universe then quake,  
 When comes the Judge account to take,  
 Earth, heaven, all things, so strict to shake !

The trumpet spreads its awful tone  
 Deep through the tombs of every zone,  
 And gathers all before the throne. \*

Death will be dumb, and nature fear,  
 When raised the creature shall appear,  
 To answer to the Judge severe.

The book full-written will be spread,  
 Which holds all thought, or done, or said,  
 To judge the world, both quick and dead. †

The Judge will sit, and man arraign,  
 Each hidden thing he will explain,  
 No sin shall unavenged remain. ‡

What shall I, wretched man, then plead ?  
 What patron ask to intercede,  
 When scarce the righteous win their meed ?

\* Or : Scatters the trump its awful sound,  
 Through earth's dark graves it heaves the ground,  
 And summons all the throne around.

† 2 Tim. iv. 1. "The LORD JESUS CHRIST shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom," &c. See also the Apostles' Creed.

‡ Matt. xxv. 31 - 46.

Rex tremendæ majestatis,  
 Qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
 Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,  
 Quod sum causa tuæ viæ,  
 Ne me perdas illâ die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus,\*  
 Redemisti crucem passus,  
 Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis,  
 Donum fac remissionis,  
 Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus,  
 Culpâ rubet vultus meus;  
 Supplici parce, Deus!

Qui Mariam absolvisti,  
 Et latronem exaudisti,  
 Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,  
 Sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
 Ne perenni cremer igne.

---

\* There is a very affecting reference in this "sedisti lassus" to the expression "Judex sedebit" in a preceding verse.

Oh king of dreadful majesty,  
Who sav'st thy chosen graciously,  
Full fount of pity, save thou me !

Remember, oh good Lord, I pray,  
For me thou trod'st earth's dreary way,  
Lest thou destroy me in that day !

Oft sitting faint, me thou hast sought,  
My ransom on the cross thou 'st wrought,  
Be so great toil not all for nought ! \*

Thou just avenging Judge ! oh shed  
Thy free remission on my head,  
Before that day of reckoning dread !

I groan, as if arraigned I stood,  
Guilt dyes my face with shame's red flood ;  
The prostrate suppliant spare, oh God !

Who Mary Magdalen didst free,  
And heard'st the thief upon the tree, †  
Thou too hast given hope to me.

My prayers all worthless are, I mourn,  
But thou, good Lord, benignly turn,  
Lest in eternal fire I burn !

---

\* Or: Me thou didst seek with weary pain,  
For me upon the cross wast slain,  
Let not such labor all be vain.

† So St. Peter calls the cross in 1 Epist. ii. 24; "Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree." So also in other places.

Inter oves locum præsta,  
 Et ab hædis me sequestra,  
 Statuens in parte dextrâ.

Confutatis maledictis,  
 Flammis acribus addictis,  
 Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis,  
 Cor contritum quasi cinis,  
 Gere curam mei finis.\*

Lachrymosa dies illa,  
 Quâ resurget ex favillâ

Judicandus homo reus.  
 Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Pie Jesu, Domine,  
 Dona eis requiem. Amen.

---

\* My destiny as well as my death, as in Numbers xxiii. 10; "Let me die the *death* of the righteous, and let my *last end* be like his!"

Among the sheep grant thou my state,  
And from the goats me separate,  
And place at thy right hand to wait!\*

The cursed in speechless horror all,  
From piercing flames which them appal,  
My name among thy blessed call!

I suppliant pray, and lowly bend,  
My contrite heart in ashes rend,  
Oh take thou care of my last end!

A day of sighs and tears and cries,  
When from the ashes man shall rise,

Before the judgment-seat to stand!  
Spare him, oh God! oh stay thy hand!

Oh LORD JESUS, Saviour blest,  
Grant to them thy endless rest. Amen.

---

\* Matt. xxv. 31, &c.

## THE DEPARTED. \*

“Blessed are the dead which die in the LORD from henceforth ; yea, saith the SPIRIT, that they may rest from their labors.”—REV. xiv. 13.

THE sun to his far ocean rest has passed,  
 The gleamings of twilight are fading fast,  
 And the stars shine out from the eastern sky,  
 And the soft breeze of even is murmuring by,  
 And thoughts of hopes of fond affection fled  
 Mingle with thoughts of the absent and dead.

Spirits of the departed ! where are ye ?  
 Are ye watching as guardians around me ?  
 Or hymn ye with seraphs your Saviour’s love ?  
 Have ye your home with the holy above ?  
 Do ye reign with the perfect just on high ?  
 Do ye taste of pleasures that cannot die ?  
 Are ye free from temptation’s many fears ?  
 Are ye free from sin ? are ye free from tears ?

---

\* “Ah me ! where roves my fancy ? what kind dreams  
 Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind !  
 Perhaps illusions all ! . . . .  
 . . . . Perhaps they sing  
 To some new golden harp the almighty deeds  
 The names, the honors, of their Saviour God,  
 His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown :  
 Oh could I imitate the exalted notes,  
 And mortal ears could bear them ! ”

WATTS.

Is your portion of bliss without alloy ?  
Is your home in the heavens ? Is God your joy ?  
Oh say, if ye are allowed to declare  
The wonders of grace that circle you there !

Ye are silent. 'T is well. Ye should not tell  
Of the glorious mansions where now ye dwell !  
We are children of earth ; we cannot know  
Of the " rivers of God " that round you flow ;  
Our senses are weak ; they cannot ascend  
To the temple of light in which ye bend :  
No ! eye hath not seen, heart cannot conceive  
Of the " crown laid up " for the just who believe !

But oh ! in the great and terrible day,  
When the sun and the stars shall pass away,  
When the elements melt with fervent heat,  
And the worlds shall burn as a rolling sheet,  
When the throne is set, and the trumpet's sound  
Shall summon the nations of earth around,  
And the righteous receive their rich reward,  
And joy in the love of their mighty LORD,  
May I enter with you the promised rest,  
The Sabbath of heaven, the home of the blest !

Rest ye, beloved ones, in your low, damp bed !  
Sleep on, in your silence, ye faithful dead !

## THE LAMB AND THE CROSS.

“The LAMB is the light thereof.”—REV. xxi. 23.

“But GOD forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.—GAL. vi. 14.

“Ye are redeemed with the precious blood of CHRIST, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.”—1 PET. i. 19.

THE Lamb the heavenly light !  
 The bleeding Lamb of GOD ! \*  
 True light ! † the light of light ! ‡ how bright  
 Its flowing, flashing flood !  
 The Lamb the light !

All glory in the Cross !  
 The cross of JESUS CHRIST !  
 The world, and all things else, are dross,  
 With this, my great High-priest,  
 The glorious Cross ! §

Renowned the slave's vile cross ! ||  
 The Lamb a feeble thing !  
 Yet these, the Cross, the Lamb, engross  
 My heart and mind, which sing  
 The Lamb, the Cross !

\* “Behold the Lamb of GOD which taketh away the sin of the world.”—John i. 29.

† “That (the word) was the true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.”

‡ Nicene Creed.

§ Heb. viii.

|| “As this death was most dolorous and full of acerbity, so was it



Oh for an angel's strain,  
 The Lamb of GOD to bless!  
 Ascended KING of Kings to reign! \*  
 The LORD our righteousness! †  
 The Lamb my strain!

Oh for an angel's song,  
 The Cross of CHRIST to praise!  
 Thy mighty rod, thy sceptre strong,  
 Ancient of endless days! ‡  
 The Cross my song!

I love the feeble Lamb!  
 The slave's vile cross renowned!  
 The Cross the sceptre of I AM! §  
 The Lamb the Lion crowned! ||  
 The Cross, the Lamb!

In the mid hour of night  
 A dream of glory passed,  
 And on my wondering spirit's sight  
 Unwonted splendor cast,  
 In deep midnight.

---

also most infamous and full of ignominy. The Romans themselves accounted it a servile punishment, and inflicted it upon their slaves and fugitives. It was a high crime to put that dishonor upon any freeman; and the greatest indignity, which the most undeserving Roman could possibly suffer in himself, or could be contrived to show their detestation to such creatures as were below human nature." — PEARSON, *on the Creed*. "Pone crucem servo." — JUV. Sat. vi. l. 218.

\* Rev. xix. 16. † Jerem. xxiii. 6. ‡ Dan. vii. § John viii. 58. Exod. iii. 14. || Rev. v. 5.

Nature seemed sunk in sleep  
On every ancient hill,  
While solemn silence settled deep ;  
Life's busy hum was still,  
In nature's sleep.

The stars were shining clear,  
With soft and steady rays,  
Faint types of that celestial year,  
Where beauty ever stays,  
And radiance clear.

The moon, with mellow beams,  
In the eastern heaven glowed,  
And far around, in silver streams  
Of lustre, mildly flowed  
Its mellow beams.

Within the place of prayer,  
The place of nightly rest,  
I knelt me down to worship there  
My God and Father blest,  
In holy prayer.

That lovely light serene  
Within the chamber lay, —  
Till brighter, brighter fell its sheen,  
Beyond the brightest day,  
That light serene !

The stars had left the skies,  
Oh glorious was the moon !

Unearthly radiance swelled its size,  
 And from its broad disk shone,  
                                     And filled the skies.

Another mighty sun,  
 Vast spread, it seemed to be,  
 Though not too light to look upon,  
 Yet lighter seemed to me  
                                     Than our bright sun.

Still, still, dilating more,  
 That radiant orb of night  
 Still shed upon the world its store  
 Of wide-expanding light,  
                                     Dilating more.

Slowly it turned to blood,  
 And paused upon its gyre ;  
 And fixed amid the heaven it stood,  
 Omen of coming ire,  
                                     All turned to blood.

Oh, when in future time,  
 I see that omen dire,  
 Good LORD and Saviour, Judge sublime,  
 Save me from endless fire,  
                                     In future time.\*

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\* "Sed tu bonus fac benigne,  
 Ne perenni cremer igne."

Changed then that dismal scene, —  
Fled that dread hue imprest, —  
The orb sent forth its glorious gleen,  
And with new lustre drest  
The beauteous scene ; —

Then, stretching far on high,  
Another form became,  
And showed, in brilliant majesty,  
A cross of hallowed flame,  
Burning on high.

Raised on a battle car  
Of ancient shape and mould,  
The Cross, whose brilliance streamed afar,  
Seemed to sure victory rolled,  
On that grand car.

Thou dwelling in the Height,  
On earth the Nazarene !  
Now in thy light may we see light ; \*  
Be here thy glory seen,  
From out the Height !

The light which issued thence,  
How calm and sweet and fair !  
I gazed, with ravished, awful sense,  
And breathed that light, as air,  
Which issued thence.

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\* Psalm xxxvi. 9.

I knew no fear, but awe, —  
 Such as the prophet felt,  
 When in the isle his LORD he saw,\*  
 And in his presence knelt,  
                     With holy awe.

That heaven-entranced seer  
 In Patmos met his LORD : —  
 Though perfect love cast out all fear, †  
 Yet worshipped and adored  
                     The reverent seer.

Angels in light and bliss,  
 Who harp GOD'S praise above,  
 Feel sacred rapture such as this,  
 Awful yet fearless love,  
                     The angels' bliss.

There is no fear in love,  
 Yet love is rapturous awe,  
 GOD, Infinite Love, our hearts approve,  
 While Love is Infinite Law,  
                     With awful love.

That chariot of the Lamb !  
 It has no barbed steeds !  
 Rushing in strength to save or damn,  
 Its course JEHOVAH speeds,  
                     The Almighty Lamb !

\* Rev. i. 13-17.

† 1 John iv. 18. "There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment."

Oh King, so wonderous meek,  
 Now throned o'er heaven's vast nave!  
 Thou cam'st to earth the lost to seek,\*  
 The trusting suppliant save, †  
 Thou King so meek!

Gird on thy shining sword,  
 Oh conquering Son decreed, ‡  
 GOD'S spirit-piercing, powerful word: §  
 Through all the nations speed,  
 With thy sharp sword! ||

Oh Thou most mighty GOD!  
 Ride on to triumph now; ¶  
 Let nations purchased with thy blood,  
 To thee, LORD JESUS, bow,  
 Almighty GOD.\*\*

\* Luke xix. 10.

† "Supplicanti parce, Deus." — *Dies Iræ*.

‡ Psalm ii. 7-12.

§ Eph. vi. 17. Heb. iv. 12.

|| Rev. xix. 15; i. 16.

¶ Psalm xlv. 3, 4.

\*\* Isaiah ix. 6.

## SONNET.

“Clouds and darkness are round about him ; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” — PSALM xcvi. 2.

THERE is a mourner, whose young pulses beat  
 Wildly and fitfully with lonely grief ;  
 Within whose riven heart, without relief,  
 Still preys her parting-woe's first burning heat.  
 I honor that true friend, — that faithful wife, —  
 And deeply pity her ; for well I know  
 Her voiceless, dreary, dark, and blighting woe, —  
 Faithful in death to him she loved in life.  
 Ah ! why should one so true be doomed to mourn,  
 From hour to hour, to life's extremest bourn ?  
 Thou GOD of grace ! thy ways are not as ours,  
 Thou smil'st in mercy when thy judgment lowers !  
 Forgive the doubt, oh righteous LORD ! Sin rends  
 The heart ; — thou lov'st ! Thy heaven will make  
 amends !

## CHRISTIAN RESIGNATION.

“I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.”

ST. JOHN xi. 24.

“Not my will, but thine be done.” — ST. LUKE, xxii. 42.

'T WAS early spring : — the flowers had just begun  
To spread their beauties to the genial sun ;  
And smiling verdure decked the swelling plains,  
Which late were bound in winter's icy chains ;  
And where the careless sleigh last slid along,  
There flowed a current, rapid, deep, and strong ;  
And birds were pouring forth their carols loud  
In woods, which lately to the tempest bowed.

The winds breathed not ; — the noon-day sun rode  
high ;  
No cloud was seen to spot the azure sky.  
A funeral train moved on in solemn show,  
A small and sad procession, silent, slow : —  
One only mourned, and her groans, shuddering, low,  
Told the intenseness of a mother's woe ;  
One only wept, and her swoln, tearful eye  
Expressed a mother's dreary agony ;  
They followed to his grave the only son  
Of this now lonely, childless, widowed one.

Her trust was in her GOD : — she knew that He,  
Who by his word had smoothed the stormy sea,  
Can give sweet comfort in the dark distress,  
When sorrows crowd around and trials press.



The scene was changed ;—and fields of yellow corn  
Waved o'er the golden landscape :—spring had gone.  
'T was summer twilight, that still, holy hour,  
When calm hushed nature speaks the ruling Power ;  
And fragrant, grateful breezes sighed among  
The trees, where late the feathered songsters sung.

I stood beside the sick, the dying bed  
Of that poor widow, on whose fenceless head  
Afflictions thick had fallen ; but her trust  
Was in her Saviour, merciful and just.  
The stroke was heavy, — but her God was Love ;  
The body failed, — the strong mind looked above :  
And, as her frame grew weak in death, her soul  
Rejoiced, for it saw heaven its resting-goal.  
She prayed in fervent faith ; her eyes grew bright,  
Then fixed ; — the immortal spirit took its flight : —  
The mother's spirit, freed from earth, had flown  
To meet her child before the Father's throne.

What gave that poor bereaved woman power  
To bear her sorrows in the gloomy hour ?  
What turned to holy praise her dying breath,  
And robbed of terror the grim tyrant, Death ?  
What caused her chastened spirit pure to rise  
To scenes of joy eternal in the skies ?  
'T was Christian Resignation.

## THE UNKNOWN SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE FROM THE LIFE OF  
THE REV. ROWLAND HILL, BY THE REV. EDWIN SIDNEY.

“One day a remark was made on the admirable petition (in the Liturgy of the Greek Church), ‘*By all thy sufferings known and unknown, Good Lord, deliver us.*’ ‘Ay,’ said Mr. Hill, ‘I consider that prayer to be one of the most touching ever uttered. The *unknown* sufferings of CHRIST! All his described sufferings were slight, in comparison with what infinite holiness must have felt in the midst of sinners; the light, the glory of heaven, in the darkness and impurity of the world, yet spotless and without sin! Oh, my Saviour, no tongue can describe, no angel can fathom, the abyss of thy suffering for me a sinner! As I cannot reach the infinite height of thy love and thy glory in heaven, so I cannot descend into the depth of thy sorrows when here on earth! I can only wonder and adore!’”

By thy sufferings *known* on earth,  
By thy pure, mysterious birth,  
Good LORD, JESUS!

By the sacramental seal,  
When, a babe, thou first didst feel  
The cutting edge of steel,  
Deliver us!

By all righteousness fulfilled,  
Thou in Jordan’s waters chilled,  
Blessed JESUS!

By thy hallowed fasting-time,  
And, when Satan urged to crime,  
Thy victory sublime,  
Deliver us!

Wanderer round Samaria's land,  
 Watcher by Tiberias' strand,

Blessed JESUS !

By the desert's gloomy shade,  
 By the mount with light arrayed,  
 Thy glory then displayed,

Deliver us !

By thy sorrowing friendship's sighs,  
 By thy human sympathies,

Blessed JESUS !

By thy heart's each secret pang,  
 By the burning tears which stang,  
 While loud Hosannas rang,\*

Deliver us !

By thy dreary loneliness,  
 Homeless, houseless, comfortless,

Blessed JESUS !

By the Shepherd's anxious care, †  
 By the malice 'Thou didst dare,  
 Thy patient love and prayer,

Deliver us !

Thou in agony didst plead,  
 Drops, like sweat, thy heart did bleed,

Blessed JESUS !

By that garden-woe's abyss,  
 By the wretched Judas' kiss,  
 The armed men's scornful hiss,

Deliver us !

\* St. Luke xix. 41. Comp. Matt. xxi. 9.

† St. John x. 7-16.



By thy sufferings all *unknown*,  
 Felt by none but Thee alone,\*  
 Good LORD, JESUS!

By thy coming INCARNATE,  
 By thy LIFE in human state,  
 Thy final PASSION great,  
 Deliver us!

Thy described sufferings vast,  
 Yet by these how far surpassed!  
 Blessed JESUS!

Finite hearts can never know  
 All thy sufferings below,  
 Heaven's love in deepest woe!  
 Deliver us!

Thou, the Holy One and pure,  
 Didst, as man, our shame endure,  
 Blessed JESUS!

Light and glory from on high,  
 Spotless, sinless, Thou didst try  
 The world's impurity!  
 Deliver us!

\* In the sufferings unknown by any except "GOD manifest in the flesh," "the Word, who was GOD, made flesh, and dwelling among us," is the peculiarity of that reconciliation which He effected, who "for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich." These are his Incarnation and his Life, in which are comprehended his Passion.

By thy wondrous Incarnation,  
 By thy Life in human station,  
 Thy Passion, our salvation,  
 Good LORD, deliver us!



## SONNET.

LORD ! Thou art GOD, and I a weak  
And erring child of earth ; — the free  
And holy hope of peace with Thee,  
Thy full forgiveness, I bespeak :  
How soothing now, — when none is near,  
To turn my worship's gathering tide  
Through earth's vile channels far aside,  
Or mock the penitential tear, —  
To lay thus low my burning cheek  
Upon the sacred page, and seek  
Thy love, the "lowly and the meek" !  
Though I am worthless, Thou didst bear  
My sin ; and, trusting to thy care,  
In faith I pray ; — LORD, hear my prayer !

## THE WORSHIP OF HEAVEN.

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE RELATING TO THE LAST MOMENTS OF RICHARD HOOKER, IN THE LIFE OF THAT EXTRAORDINARY MAN, BY IZAAK WALTON.

“After some time he (Doctor Saravia) left him at night, with a promise to return early the day following; which he did, and then found him better in appearance, deep in contemplation, and not inclinable to discourse, which gave the Doctor occasion to inquire his present thoughts; to which he replied, — *That he was meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which peace could not be in heaven; and oh! that it might be so on earth.*”

“Praise ye him, all his angels;  
Praise ye him, all his hosts.”

PSALM cxlviii. 2.

BEFORE the great white throne,  
Where unveiled splendor shines, above mid heaven  
displayed,  
JEHOVAH's angel armies stand ;  
Silent and still they stay, rank upon rank surveyed,  
The glorious, boundless brother-band,  
With robes of dazzling white their countless lines  
arrayed ;  
Each eye upraised and clasped each hand,  
They seem in adoration's awful rapture lost.  
One changeless law alone,  
Of universal order, sways the herald-host, —  
JEHOVAH's honor, his command ;  
With meek humility, they wait the word,  
Obedient to fulfil, of heaven's high LORD.

Oh wonderous gift of grace !  
Lovely humility !  
Reflected from the face  
Of the one Good on high !



Sweet attribute of heaven  
 To saints sublimest given !  
 The holy harmony  
 Of ravished harps above !  
 Deep source of perfect love,  
 Springing beyond the sky !  
 Full fount of solemn joy,  
 Where endless, blest employ  
 Angelic spirits ply !

Effulgent star of hope, whence beauty beams !  
 Bright sun of righteousness, whence glory streams !

Eternal, sacred law !  
 Mighty humility !  
 Whose constant forces draw  
 From spheres their melody !  
 Great, mysterious will,  
 Whose acts creation fill !  
 The unsolved unity  
 Of fire-wreathed worlds that roll !  
 The universal soul  
 Of boundless ecstasy !  
 The immortal chain that binds  
 All loftiest, purest minds  
 To God eternally !

First principle of rule in every place,  
 Maintaining blissful empire throughout space !

Pure mind of CHRIST<sup>d</sup> the slain !  
 Highest humility !  
 From mortal pride and pain

To thy support we flee !  
 Once manifest below,  
 Supreme ascended now,  
 Our anxious sorrows see !  
 Beatitude of saints,  
 When guilty nature faints,  
 We burdened come to thee !  
 Our languid spirits pine,  
 To know thy power divine,  
 Strength of the truly free !  
 Highest humility ! from finite thought so far !  
 Life of all holy hearts ! how rich thine honors are !

Around the throne of God  
 The gathered myriads wait, through countless circles  
 spread,  
 In reverential posture bent,  
 And quaff the fearful joy, the exultation dread,  
 From GODHEAD'S glorious presence sent.  
 No sound is in the solemn orbs, but silence dead,  
 Throughout their measureless extent ;  
 No motion stirs along the starry pavement fair,  
 Where swift-winged feet just trod ;  
 Deep is the spirit-worship, full the joy, they share,  
 All sense in burning homage blent,  
 Till Gabriel's hand sweeps once his golden lyre,  
 And wakes to intensest praise the entranced choir.

Angels and cherubim,  
 With soft, slow symphonies, their many lyres unbound,  
 Chant low, responsive, lingering lays ;  
 Mild music measured murmurs, mingles, melts, around ;

The liquid prelude still they raise,  
 Their silvery tones, now sweet, now wildly swelling,  
     sound ;  
 Each string its tribute trembling pays.  
 The spreading zones far off have caught the sacred  
     strain ;  
 Archangels, seraphim,  
 And all their host, the ecstatic numbers strike again, —  
     God's transport-hymn of choral praise ;  
 And heaven's vast vaults reëcho loud and long,  
 Of Moses and the LAMB, heaven's holiest song.

The chorus-shout has past ;  
 That hymn's triumphant grandeur discords may not  
     mar.

And now, with hushed and holy fear,  
 They list JEHOVAH's word, — those multitudes afar.  
 The charge goes forth to all : they hear,  
 They fly, — some to each splendid sun, or smaller  
     star ;

Some to the systems bright, which rear  
 Their walls of massive brilliance on creation's verge,  
     Pursue their journey fast ;  
 To every varied clime their vivid track they urge,  
     In every distant globe or near ;  
 They speed, with gleaming wing, their rapid flight,  
 Their rapid flight, — a flash of sudden light.\*

Some to salvation's heirs  
 Are ministering spirits, sent to watch their path,

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\* Ezekiel i. 14.

And guide them to the Saviour's rest ;  
 Some flames of fire are made, his ministers to scath,  
     Where rebel worlds are guiltiest ;  
 Some rushing winds are sped, his messengers of wrath ;  
     All haste the Living Father's hest.  
 They need no glowing crown, no lustrous ring nor  
     gem ;  
     Each angel-forehead wears  
 The mark of God, his angels' noblest diadem,  
     Each holy, each supremely blest.  
 By one great law the radiant spirits move,  
 The law which rules in heaven, the law of love.

    Would it were thus on earth !  
 That blessed order and obedience held each heart,  
     Like theirs, to our JEHOVAH nigh !  
 That men, with all above, might bear concordant part,  
     With those blest angel-hosts might vie !  
 Then human sin would die, remorse no longer smart,  
     And human sorrows cease to sigh.  
 Soon would the desert smile, with shining garments  
     clad,  
     Plenty spring up from dearth,  
 Beauty from ashes rise, and crystal streams make  
     glad  
     The city of our God Most High,  
 Earth long so desolate, so long forlorn,  
 Now to fair hope and peace celestial born.

    Thy kingdom come, oh God !  
 Thy will be done on earth, as angels keep thy law !

Oh grant the grace thy people crave ;  
Roll on the dazzling day thy visioned prophets saw !  
Oh come, thy suffering people save !  
Thou mighty LORD of lords, gird on thy sword of war ;  
Assert the right thy Father gave !  
Great King of Saints, all power in earth and heaven  
is thine !  
Rule with thine iron rod ;  
Make bare thy holy arm, in majesty Divine ;  
Thy blood-stained banner conquering wave ;  
Down to their lake of fire grim Death and Hell be  
driven ;  
Set up thy throne, oh GOD, till Earth be one with  
Heaven !

## SONNET.

WELCOME ! welcome ! once again, ye lowly Buds of Spring  
 Though ye do not ope so full, nor spread your leaves so grand  
 As when summer's ripening breezes fresh around you play  
 Still I dearly love you for the moral which ye bring !  
 Bursting ice-cold fetters, which to earthly beauty cling,  
 Starting from the winter to the sun's first warming ray,  
 When returning birds once more chant loud their joyous lay  
 Thus ye tell, that spirits rise where glorious angels sing !  
 All along the growing vines new blossoms ye will string,  
 Lovelier, richer tribute in the coming season pay ;  
 Brightening and expanding ever through the lengthening day  
 Thoughts of heaven upon the air with perfume sweet ye fling  
 Hallowing Wisdom's lessons may these humble leaflets say  
 Like your fragrant whispers heard, ye lowly Buds of Spring



THE END.

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